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AILLE CONROY.

A Terrible Revelation of Mormon Life.

BY H. KINGSHACK,

Author of "Adrift," "Juanita," "Out of the Snow," "Children of the Isle," "Belle Hayden," "Lillie Ainsworth," "Alice de Noailles," "Sophie," "Ella Crenshaw," "Amelia Beauchampe," "Charlie Ross," etc., etc.

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RICHMOND'S NOVELS, No. 48,

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JOSIE OSGOOD

——(OR)——

HE MASKED MARRIAGE.

BY

H. KINGSHACK,

AUTHOR OF "ADRIFT," "JAUNITA," ETC., ETC.

CONTENTS.

Rosedale. The capsize and rescue. Wonderful revelations. Rare wers. Aristocratic arrogance and its punishment. The attempted urder. Death of the villain. The mysterious Cid. Duel. Love. id again. Mysterious incantations. Singular marriages. The stolen ives and happy conclusion.

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RICHMOND'S NOVEL

AILEE CONROY

RICHMOND & CO., Publishers, Bost

AILEE CONROY.

A Terrible Revelation of Mormon Life.

CHAPTER I.

"I will never give my consent to it, Seth Conroy."

"You are a perverse, rebellious woman, Abigail, who will have no portion of the inheritance of the saints."

"If you mean those Latter Day Saints, Seth, I pray God to save me from *their* inheritance; for the hottest place in torment will be theirs, and—"

"Blasphemy! You grow worse and worse every day, Abigail. You will be cut off in your sins. I will lay your case before a council of the Saints."

"You can do as you please, Seth, but if any of the Saints come fooling round me they'll get badly scalded, that's all, the pesky hypocrites. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Seth Conroy, to want to marry your only daughter to that oily-tongued, lecherous old scoundrel, who has seven wives already. If you haven't any regard for her I have, and I say he shall not have her."

"And I say she shall!" retorted the husband, slamming the door with a force that shook the little frame cottage to its very foundation, as he went out upon the street.

Seth Conroy was a native of New England; likewise his wife Abigail. Three years previous to the opening of our story, he embraced the Mormon faith under the eloquent and seductive

preaching of Elder Stokes, who visited New England on a preaching tour. The glowing description the oily-tongued elder gave of the new El Dorado, Salt Lake City and valley, fired the cupidity of the head of the family; and the good wife, without once dreaming of the consequences, acquiesced in the move, hoping thereby to better the fortunes of her husband. They were blessed with three children—a girl of fifteen, and two boys, aged respectively ten and thirteen years. After a lapse of three years, our story opens with Seth Conroy an elder of the Church of Mormon, which position he had reached through a fanatical advocacy of its principles. On the contrary, Abigail had repented, in sackcloth and ashes, as it were, of ever having consented to leaving the dear land of her girlhood. Her eyes had been opened to the enormity of the crimes of Mormonism—of the sins committed in the name of religion, under the transparent disguise of "revelations," and her heart went back to its first love, the pure, simple, beautiful religion of her fathers—the Bible. She was a woman of nerve, as well of great physical strength, and soon became known as one whom it was best not to interfere with. Hitherto her married life had been one of unalloyed happiness, secure in the love of her husband and children. But now a change had come over the spirit of her dreams. Her husband had accumulated a handsome property, and had begun to pay court to other marriageable ladies, as though he were still single. His fanaticism even went so far as to change his usual practical, matter-of-fact style of language, to the hypocritical, canting style of the Mormon elders. These signs of coming trouble filled the heart of the Christian mother with inconsolable grief. But she resolved to meet it boldly, when the time came; and meet it she did, in a manner that somewhat shook the faith of her husband in his new religion. Having found a young woman, of a fresh face and buxom form, he straightway received a revelation to make her Mrs. Conroy No. 2. The young woman was willing, and the Elder broached the subject to Abigail.

"And so you've had a revelation, have you, Seth?" she asked, calmly, on hearing her husband through.

"Yes."

"Well, I've had one myself. I believe in revelations sometimes."

"You! You had a revelation!" exclaimed the astonished Elder. "What in the world was it?"

"The angel of the Lord commands me to break the head of

any second wife you bring into this house, and the good Lord helping me, I'll do it."

"Is that all? Elder Swanson's first wife received the same revelation, and he was compelled to build another house for his second and third wives. The Lord is merciful, and suffers no contention in the households of his saints."

"But you have not heard the balance of my revelation," continued Abigail, in a calm, quiet way, as though her soul was not suffering all the tortures possible for woman to endure.

"Ah! what was it?"

"I am commanded to leave you forever the moment you commit the sin of adultery as defined in the New Testament of the Christian religion, and much as I love you, Seth Conroy, you understand me well enough to know that I will obey the command."

"That revelation is a good one, also, Abigail," said her husband, coolly, "and was given as a warning not to stray from the path made for our feet; and to remove temptation the Lord gives me another wife. The Lord is merciful, and Brigham Young is His Prophet!"

"The revelation also gave me the right to be the judge as to whether or not a second marriage on your part during my lifetime is adultery. You now know all, Seth Conroy, and must act hereafter with your eyes open as to consequences. I shall not say any more on the subject," and the resolute woman ceased talking, making no replies to her husband's repeated remarks about his "revelations."

The Mormon fanatic knew the New England matron too well to doubt that she would do as she said, and took good care not to seal another woman to himself without first getting her consent. This he never hoped to do, knowing that she would oppose it to the bitter end.

Thus things went on, until one of the lecherous old saints, Elder Ligou by name, saw and fell desperately in love with Ailee Conroy, the beautiful daughter of Seth and Abigail Conroy. The young maiden was one of the fairest, sweetest, purest flowers of the whole valley of Salt Lake. Her sparkling blue eyes, golden tresses, rosy cheeks and dimpled chin, presented a picture no man could gaze upon without experiencing a fluttering in the region of the heart. She was just eighteen years old, and the special pride and pet of her mother and two younger brothers. Like her mother, she was true to the religion of the

Bible, detesting the heresies of Mormonism, as well as the practices of the Saints.

When her father told her that Elder Ligou had received a revelation to seal her unto him as his eighth wife, she merely laughed, saying:

"He will have to receive a good many more revelations before he seals me, father, for I intend to have a whole man to myself, or none at all. Why, he is old enough to be my grandfather!"

"Tut, tut, daughter!" answered Seth Conroy; "have you no desire to live among the Saints in Heaven? You can never get to Heaven unless sealed to one of the Saints."

"That may be all true, and it may not, father, it being merely a matter of faith. One thing is certain, however, if ever I marry a Saint, I must receive the revelation myself, and not him."

"That is some of your mother's foolishness, Ailee," said Seth Conroy, sternly. "She is an unbeliever, and will be cut off in her sins."

"So will I, father, for I am—"

"Hush! I will have no more blasphemers in my household. I will be obeyed. Elder Ligou does you a great honor by offering to seal you to himself. He will call to see you to-morrow. See that you receive him with becoming respect."

"I shall see to his reception myself, Seth Conroy," interrupted Mrs. Conroy, with a quiet determination in her voice, "and will send him to the right-about in search of another 'revelation.'"

Seth Conroy made no reply to his wife, but quietly left the cottage and wended his way towards the office of Elder Ligou, to persuade him to postpone his visit to Ailee. He dared not let the elder know his wife was such an obstinate unbeliever as she was. His object now was to frame a plausible excuse to the elder, and thus postpone the visit. He ground his teeth in a foaming rage, for he had that day traded with Ligou—giving his daughter Ailee for Sigou's daughter Anna—and was at a loss to know how to state the case to him.

While Seth Conroy was thus engaged, Ailee, his beautiful, unbelieving daughter, took an old faded sun-bonnet, and throwing it over her head, passed out into the back yard, humming the air of one of the bright New England carols so dear to her heart Entering the garden gate, she strolled leisurely along the pebbled walk under the overhanging grape vines, towards the farther end

of the garden. Elder Conroy was a thrifty man, and in his religious fanaticism had not forgotten his New England training. He worked diligently, and his extensive garden bloomed the most luxuriously fragrant of all the saints', the august Brigham's not excepted. Almost every fruit and vegetable indigenous to the soil grew there in bountiful plenteousness. Grapes, in the most bounteous profusion covered the latticed frame-works that over-arched the winding pebbled walks, as well as the numerous little vine-covered summer houses. In this fragrant forest of fruit and vines Ailee Conroy wandered alone, plucking a bunch of luscious purple grapes here and a fragrant flower there, till she reached the extreme southern end of the garden, where stood a small summer house, almost buried under a monster pyramid of climbing rose vines. Entering this lovely, fragrant bower, she was clasped in the arms of a tall, robust youth, who pressed her to his heart, covering her bright, happy face with a perfect shower of passionate kisses.

CHAPTER II.

"Ailee!"

"Orville!"

"I've been waiting over an hour for you, darling."

"And I've been detained an hour by my father, Orville, the longest hour of my life."

"Thank you for that sweet assurance, darling, for it tells me how much you love me. Tell me what business kept my angel away from me so long."

"It was an offer of marriage, Orville, which I had to discuss with—"

"An offer of marriage!" exclaimed the young man, turning quite pale, "from whom, pray?"

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the happy maiden, resting her sunny head on his shoulder. "Are you jealous already?"

"Not jealous, for I am too sure of your faith and affection, but I am deeply interested, of course. Who else is in love with my angel?"

"Guess, Orville."

"I guess nothing, darling, for I know there are many who would like to take you away from me. Such a sweet flower could never 'waste its sweetness on the desert air.' Some old Turk of a saint with a dozen wives would be sure to ask for you, to throw life and light into their dismal, cheerless, loveless homes. Tell me, darling, who it is."

"Why, old elder Ligou."

"The old hypocrite! He has seven wives already!"

"That's what I told father. He said he had a revelation, and that he is commanded to seal me to himself."

"Revelation be hanged! The old scoundrel gets up revelations to suit himself."

"I told father he would receive many another revelation before he had me sealed to him. I will die first, Orville. I *hate* the Mormons from my very soul."

"So do I, and as the laws of the United States govern this territory I will see that you shall marry only whom you please, and you please *me* better than anybody else on earth."

"I will marry none other than you, dear Orville, let come what will. They may kill me, but marry another I will not."

"I know your indomitable soul, darling, and only fear the trouble they will give you. We had better go to the United States office and get married at once, and thus forever put it out of their power to interfere with us."

"They may not do anything, Orville, when they find out I won't have him. Besides, they are afraid of mother."

"Those murderous devils are afraid of no crime, darling. Many a dark and bloody deed stains their garments, which only the final clearing of all earthly mysteries will expose. The Mormon Church is crimson with innocent blood, shed to forward its unholy aims and interests. Promise me, darling, that you will keep me posted of all they do and say in regard to your case."

"I will, Orville, and leave notes at the usual place for you. But I do not apprehend anything serious. Is there any news from the East?"

"Yes. The United States Congress are discussing the polygamous features of Mormonism, and the prospect is the saints will yet be compelled to live like decent people or take the consequences."

"Ah. I am so glad! Mother will be glad too, for father has received a revelation to take him another wife."

"He has?"

"Yes; and mother tells him she has received one to break her head if he brings her to our house."

"Good for her! Has he got his eye on any particular girl?"

"I don't know, but rather suspect he has."

"Whom do you suspect?"

"Anna Ligou."

"Ah! A regular female fanatic, who would sell body and soul for the Church. God help the man that gets her!"

"I think father will think better of it though, and not do such a foolish thing. Oh! Orville, isn't it awful!"

"Terrible! I don't see how a man who loves his wife could think about marrying another; nor how a wife could consent to let another share her husband's love."

"Nor I either. Mother says she never will, and I don't blame her."

"What will the elders say about it?"

"I don't know. Mother says she will scald the whole tabernacle if they come fooling round her."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the lover, pressing the sweet girl to his heart. "Would she serve me so, darling, if I came fooling around."

"No; but father would do something terrible, I know."

"Does he suspect us?"

"Oh, no!" and the bare thought caused her to lean still closer to the gallant young lover.

"What does your mother say about it?"

"She is perfectly willing we should marry, but objects to any haste about it. Thinks I am too young yet."

"Not a bit of it. But we'll wait a little while longer, darling, for your good mother's sake. Come, give me another sweet kiss, for I must be going. Time flies on eagle wings when I am with you."

"Oh, don't go yet, Orville! See, the sun is an hour high yet."

"True; but ere that sun sinks behind the cliff of rocks out there, I will be busy at work on the legal documents pertaining to the affairs of Utah Territory."

"Is there going to be any trouble, Orville?"

"Yes, if Young and the Council of Elders don't moderate their arrogant pretensions. Bigoted fanatics like them cannot defy the government of the United States with impunity, as they will soon learn to their cost."

"Oh! I do hope there will be no bloodshed."

"Not a drop of blood will be shed, darling, for these blustering bigots and fanatics will simply simmer down, and be quiet as lambs, when the military representatives of the government put in an appearance."

"I hope so. Oh! if we could only move back to our dear old home in the States! If you should ever cease to love me, Orville, I will die of a broken heart."

"The man who would cease to love such a dear angel would deserve to die himself, Ailee,"—and the youth pressed the young girl impulsively to his heart, and showered passionate kisses on her face and brow. The sweet, angelic creature threw her round, white arms about his neck and returned his ardent caresses with interest. They were a handsome couple, and loved with all the strength and ardor of their young souls.

"Ah! must you go so soon?" sighed Ailee, clinging fondly to his neck.

"Yes; but this hour to-morrow will find me here with a heart all yours."

"I shall pray for the more rapid flight of time, Orville, when I can see you again. You are all the world to me now, besides my dear mother."

"Be true to both, darling, and all will be well. Tell your mother to send old Ligou about his business when he comes to the house, and that the law shall shield both you and her. One more kiss, darling, and I am off."

"Take a dozen, dear," murmured the happy maiden, turning up her pretty face to the greedy lips of the young man. It is needless to say he took the dozen—a baker's dozen—and, like Oliver Twist, wanted more. The last embrace and a lingering kiss, and they parted. The youth passed out of the summer-house to the garden wall, which he scaled by placing a hand on the top and throwing himself nimbly over to the opposite side

CHAPTER III.

Ere he reached the ground on the other side, the feet of the young man came in violent contact with the head and shoulders of another man. They both lost their balance and fell to the earth together. The youthful lover was greatly astonished, and nimbly leapt to his feet.

"Who are you, sir?" he exclaimed, turning fiercely on the stranger ere he could regain his feet.

"I am Elder Ligou, sir; and pray who are you, jumping fences and alighting on peoples' heads?"

"My name is Orville Hendrix, United States Attorney for Utah Territory. And now tell me why you are sneaking, like a thief, in the rear of another man's garden."

"I may probably do so if it suits me, after you explain why you climb the back wall of Elder Conroy's garden, 'like a thief,' instead of going through his gate like an honest man."

"I went over there to meet a member of Mr. Conroy's family, who has just left me. Can *you* say any member of the family was cognizant of *your* actions?"

"No. This is a public highway here, where any one can go without let or hindrance."

"So it is, and I presume you have violated no law in being here. But you have been eaves-dropping Miss Conroy and myself, which act stamps you as an unprincipled scoundrel. I only regret the accident of our meeting did not break your worthless neck for you, sir."

"Take that back, sir!" hissed the elder, who was a man of almost twice the size and weight of young Hendrix, "or I'll shake the life out of you!"

"Hands off, sir," coolly remarked Hendrix, attempting to push the elder's hand from his shoulder.

"Apologize for your insolence to an elder of the Church, young man, and promise never to see Miss Conroy again, and—"

"Hands off, you infernal old hypocrite!" cried Hendrix sternly, "or take the consequences."

"What! do you dare threaten me! I'll carry you before the Council and have you condemned and punished, you rebellious, perverse son of sin!"

But ere the elder knew it he was lying flat on his back, studying astronomy. He never knew there were so many stars to be seen in the day time before. Young Hendrix had planted a terrific blow between his eyes that materially changed the status of affairs. Young Hendrix calmly waited for the mistaken elder to regain his feet, when he sternly spoke:

"Elder Ligou, you lecherous old scoundrel and canting hypocrite, I don't wish to murder you, but by the Lord Harry, I'll do it if you do not promise me to let Ailee Conroy alone. She is my promised wife, and you must not come round with any of your pretended revelations. Promise me you will not demand her for a wife."

"I will do no such thing, sir," replied the elder, rubbing his head. "The Lord has given her to me, and she shall be mine, sir."

"The Lord, the devil!" hissed the young man, turning white with rage. "There is one way the Lord can't get over. I'll cut your black heart out of you, and thus prevent your getting any more wives. There are no witnesses, and —"

Seeing a murderous looking knife in Hendrix's hand, the elder turned ghastly pale, dropped on his knees and began pleading for mercy.

"Spare my life and I'll promise anything!" he pleaded, clasping his hands in abject supplication. "You can have the girl with my blessing."

"Hang your blessing! I'd sooner have the devil pronounce a benediction over us. Remain where you are till I write an article for you to sign;" and taking a pencil and paper from a memorandum book, he wrote as follows:

"SALT LAKE CITY, July 30, 18—.

"Having received a revelation to seal Ailee, the daughter of Elder Seth Conroy to me to wife, and learning she is the affianced wife of Orville Hendrix, Esq., I hereby relinquish any and all claims to her, in favor of the said Hendrix. (Signed)

"Elder Church of Mormon."

"Now, sir, you will please be so kind as to put your name to that document."

The elder took the paper, read it carefully, turned deathly pale, looked up at the stern, pitiless face of the young man and signed it.

"Now, sir, you may go, and remember that sneaking eavesdroppers never hear any good of themselves. If I ever catch you playing the spy on my movements again I'll send a bullet through your worthless carcass."

The humiliated and discomfited elder rose to his feet and strode away, as if anxious to leave the scene of his defeat, leaving the young lover of Ailee Conroy to pursue his way home at his leisure.

Orville Hendrix, as the reader doubtless surmises, was a young lawyer, who had come West to fill an appointment of the government—that of United States Attorney for the Territory. He was a young man of brilliant talents, splendid courage, and great physical endurance. He was but three-and-twenty years of age, yet a love of adventure led him to accept the appointment of United States Attorney at Salt Lake City against the advice and warning of his best friends. Ere he had been a month established in his position he had given evidence of talents and moral courage, that told the arrogant Mormons he would never flinch from the duties assigned him. By the merest accident he formed the acquaintance of Ailee Conroy. Both were mutually pleased, and the acquaintance soon ripened into love of the most ardent nature. Ailee frankly told him her situation and views. That she hated and abhorred Mormonism, and that she would never marry one of the sect; that she and her mother desired to return to New England to live, as soon as they could do so, etc., etc., all of which pleased the gallant young attorney immensely.

With this understanding Ailee engaged herself to him, and had been his affianced some three months previous to the opening of our story. Hendrix had never dared visit the house of her parents, as her father would have refused him admittance; hence he was compelled to meet his beloved clandestinely, in the summer-house before mentioned.

Mrs. Conroy met the young attorney at his office, one day, and satisfied herself he was an honorable man, of good prospects, and of excellent family connections. She then gave her consent for her daughter to meet him anywhere they choose, trusting to the good sense of both for their guidance. Few mothers ever give voluntary consent to such proceedings, but under such cir-

cumstances we cannot find it in our heart to blame her. Rather than see her beloved child the wife of some lecherous old saint, she would have given her, body and soul, to the most worthless disbeliever in Mormonism. Surely her own heart-history would justify her in her course. What she had suffered in silent horror she was determined should not fall to the lot of Ailee.

Let us now follow elder Ligou as he wended his way homeward, after his defeat by Orville Hendrix.

His wicked soul was filled with tumultuous emotions. He swore worse than the "army in Flanders," that he would be revenged on the daring young man.

"The unbelieving scoundrel!" hissed the elder through his clenched teeth; "to jump over the fence right on top of my head, and then knock me down and threaten my life! Me! a member of the Church of Mormon! He shall die the death of a dog!"

On his way homeward he met Elder Seth Conroy, who was returning from Ligou's house, where he had been to see him about postponing his intended visit to Ailee. Ligou would have avoided meeting him, but it was impossible for him to do so.

"Ah, brother Ligou," exclaimed Conroy, advancing towards the surly elder, "I am glad to see you; have been to your house looking for you; but what in the name of the Prophet is the matter with you! Have you been fighting?"

"No, but I have been attacked by an assassin, who came near killing me!"

"The Lord preserve us! Who is it that has raised his impious hand against an elder of the church?"

"Can you say you have no hand in it, brother Conroy?" asked the Elder Ligou, eyeing the other suspiciously.

"As the Lord is my judge and Brigham his Prophet, I am innocent of my brother's blood. But why ask me such a question, brother Ligou?"

"Because the assassin came from your garden."

"My garden," exclaimed Conroy in holy horror, who began faintly to suspect Mrs. Conroy of having made good her threat. "Who could it have been? Tell me all, my brother, and let us reason together that good may come of it."

"I will tell thee all about it, brother Conroy," said Ligou, taking the arm of his companion in his and continuing their walk. "I was going down the street towards the tabernacle, and when I reached the alley that runs in the rear of your lot, I saw a man scale the fence and disappear in your garden."

"The Lord help us."

"Yes, and knowing that only thieves break through and enter that way, I persuaded myself to hasten forward and see who the intruder was, with a design of arresting him if guilty of any wrong."

"Yes, yes; go on brother."

"I reached the spot where I saw him disappear over the wall, near one of the summer houses, and peeping through the crevices saw—whom do you suppose it was?"

"Who was it?"

"One Hendrix, the United States Attorney, an unbeliever."

"Maledictions on him. What did the dog want there?"

"He very quietly seated himself in the summer house, and waited nearly an hour, or till my patience was nearly exhausted. At last who should come there to meet him, but Ailee, your daughter."

"My daughter meet a heretic—an unbeliever," exclaimed Conroy, in extreme pious astonishment.

"Yes. She ran to meet him, threw her arms around his neck and pressed him to her heart. I listened. They are lovers and engaged to be married in contempt of your authority and my revelation."

Seth Conway was dumfounded. He was speechless with confusion. Elder Ligou continued:

"When they parted, the unbelieving dog leaped the fence, and on seeing me attacked me furiously, with murderous weapons. I barely escaped with my life."

"The rebellious child," gasped Conroy, his face purple with rage, "she shall repent in sack-cloth and ashes, and be saved by being sealed to you for both time and eternity. You may depend on having her to wife, brother Ligou."

"The revelations of the spirit must be obeyed, brother Conroy, and whenever you bring her to a proper sense of duty I am ready to submit to the dispensation."

I will go home and see that she learns what it is to rebel against the servants of the church," and with that, the two canting hypocrites parted. Conroy hastened home in a towering rage, to vent his wrath on his wife and beautiful daughter.

CHAPTER IV.

"Ailee!" thundered the irate elder Conroy, the moment he entered the house. "Ailee, where are you?"

"Here, father," answered the young maiden, coming out from her mother's room, where she had been telling of the meeting between herself and Orville Hendrix at the summer house in the garden.

"Come here, you rebellious spawn of a rebellious woman! Who is it you have been meeting in the garden? Tell me, you undutiful, perverse child."

"When you address me in a respectful manner, father, I will answer your questions, and not before," replied the spirited Ailee turning and leaving the room.

Seth Conway was completely thunderstruck. The cool, independent spirit of his daughter astonished him beyond expression. He wondered what had come over her and her mother, little dreaming the change had come over him instead of them. This setting his authority at naught was an act he could not submit to, and hence his anger rose to boiling heat. Dashing into his wife's room he seized Ailee rudely by the arm, crying fiercely as he shook her:

,'What does this mean, you vile hussy?"

Ailee shrieked with pain from the pressure of his grasp on her arm. Mrs. Conroy, who was sitting by the window, sewing, hastily rose and advanced to her husband's side.

"What's the matter, Seth? Why do you treat our grown daughter like a—"

"Get away, you old imp of sin!" cried the enraged husband, throwing out his arm in an impulsive manner that gave her a violent blow in the face.

The sudden change that came over the face of the matron would have been a study for an artist. She had been married to Seth Conroy nearly a quarter of a century, and had been a patient, affectionate and loving wife. Now that he had struck her in anger all the spirit of the old Revolutionary stock from

which she sprang was aroused, and in less than a minute Seth Conroy was the worst-whipped man in all Mormondom. He had no show whatever. The irate dame jerked out hair and whiskers by the handful, giving blows, too, that well-nigh knocked the mistaken man into the "middle of next week." Ailee ran shrieking out of the room, alarming her two young brothers to a perfect frenzy of fright Like two young heroes they ran into the room to their mother's assistance, but stopped on seeing how well able she was to hold a hand with their father.

"Do you mean to kill me, Abigail?" asked Seth, almost pounded to a jelly, his face covered with blood.

"Yes!" exclaimed Abigail, "if I can't get a little common sense into you any other way. You've paved the way by striking me, your wife for twenty-five years, and now I'll give you a good dose, you miserable hypocrite, you!"

And with that she jerked another handful of hair from his head.

"Stop, Abigail, for God's sake!"

"Will you behave yourself now, and act like a decent, Christian white man should?"

"Yes. Stop this fuss, and send the children out of the room."

Mrs. Conroy motioned to the two boys to retire to their room, which they did, leaving the couple alone together.

"Abigail, you have committed an awful sin," said the sorely-bruised husband, rubbing innumerable raw spots about his head, neck and face.

"Oh, yes! you good, meek, saintly creature!" sneered the angry woman. "*You* haven't committed any sin, though, have you! I tell you what it is, Seth Conroy, if you don't stop your hypocritical, whining cant around me I'll break every bone in your body. You are a nice man to pretend to be a Saint; coming home in a mad passion, striking right and left, knocking over mother and children with impunity. If you ever lay the weight of your finger on one of my children again I'll murder you in cold blood, you cantankerous wretch you!"

"Am I no longer the head of my family, Abigail?"

"Not until I see fruits meet for repentance, and the return of a little common-sense into that thick skull of yours."

"I suppose you claim to have all the sense left in the family now?" sneered the husband, determined to use his tongue if he couldn't use his brute force.

"I have the same common sense I always had before we came to this land of blood-stained, canting hypocrites, which is more than you can say, Seth Conroy. You know you've turned a demented fool since coming here, or you would never have got into the notion of taking another wife.

"You're a pretty man to talk about taking another wife, when the one you already have has to whip you to make you behave yourself. Now Seth Conroy, I want you to understand just one thing more, and that is, you are at perfect liberty to leave me and my children whenever you please. Only say the word and we will start back East forthwith."

"Oh! no! no!" pleaded the crestfallen wretch. "I don't want to leave you, Abigail, and will not provoke you again. I did not mean to strike you, but I was in a wild passion, and knew not what I did!"

"Well, the blow put me into a wild passion, too, and I know perfectly well what I did. You ought to know one of my stock will not take a blow from any living man."

"But what are you going to do about Ailee?"

"Ailee has done no wrong. She has met Mr. Hendrix for the last three months with my knowledge and consent. They are engaged to be married."

"Abigail," whined the cowed wretch; "was it right to do all that without my knowledge or consent?"

"Do you dare to talk to me about right, Seth Conroy! You, who talk of committing bigamy and adultery, and to marrying your daughter to a man with seven wives already? *You* talk about right, when but for me you would commit a crime that would consign you to the penitentiary the balance of your life in any civilized country on the globe. No, Seth Conroy; while I live my daughter shall not be made a prostitute by marrying any sanctimonious old scoundrel with other wives. It is a violation of law, of decency, and of the Christian religion; and I will tell you now that I will kill the man who forces her to do such a thing!"

"But are you going to let her marry that gentile unbeliever?"

"Unbeliever!" sneered Abigail. "He is a believer in the Christian religion, and an honorable man, which is more than can be said of a 'Saint.' Yes, she shall marry him whenever they both get ready. Now what have you got to say about it?"

"That I'll never give my consent to it," said he with dogged determination.

"Being a demented fool, your consent is not necessary, Seth Conroy. In the States I could have you placed in a lunatic asylum without the least difficulty, for you haven't even sense enough left to conceal your lunacy."

Seth Conroy was beaten on all sides by his spirited wife. He could say nothing more, and concluded the best thing for him to do was to silently endure what could not be helped. Therefore he made no further reply to the woman who had demonstrated her pedigree so forcibly, but quietly proceeded to wash the blood from his face and soothe the raw spots where hair and whiskers had parted by the roots.

CHAPTER V.

Orville Hendrix went back to his office with his heart full of misgivings about the consequences of his meeting with elder Ligou. For himself he feared nothing, but for Ailee he trembled; knowing, as he did, the bigoted intolerance of the Mormon elders, and of Ligou and Conroy in particular. He apprehended the worst, and deeply regretted that Ailee had not consented to an immediate union, by which means they would be forever silenced.

Reaching his office he at once applied himself to the duties of his responsible position, arranging papers for the approaching session of the United States Court. There were several prominent Mormons indicted for violations of the law, but who had publicly stated they would not recognize the court, nor obey its summons. These, and the direct personal feeling he entertained against the Saints, prompted him to swear in his heart he would not swerve an inch from the discharge of his whole duty.

Late in the night did he toil over the legal documents, arranging them in perfect order before retiring. He then, it being nearly midnight, started from his office to the hotel where he boarded. It was a beautiful star-lit night, the soft summer breeze gently blowing from off Great Salt Lake, cooling the air to a delicious temperature. He was thinking of his love—of the beautiful Ailee—and bright hopes filled his soul. A halo of future felicity seemed to have o'ershadowed him, soul and body. But few people were on the street, and those he passed were not seen by the meditative young man, so deeply absorbed was he in building air-castles. On nearing a certain dark place, which he had always avoided after sunset, he became conscious of the lateness of the hour, and that he was surrounded by thousands of deep-dyed religious fanatics, who would rejoice to hear of his death. All his faculties seemed to return to him like an electric flash, and he placed a hand on his faithful revolver, moving out into the middle of the street. He heard footsteps approaching, and, turning, saw two masked men coming towards him. He

moved out of their way, but they turned squarely in his direction, increasing their pace. That was enough. He drew his never-failing seven-shooter, and fired two shots in quick succession. The two men threw up their hands, with quick, spasmodic efforts, and fell to the ground.

The young attorney hastened towards his hotel, entered his room, and securely locked and bolted the door. There were no witnesses to the shooting, and he determined not to mention the affair to anyone. That either Ligou or Conroy had placed assassins on his track he had not the shadow of a doubt. Henceforth he would never go out of the hotel alone after dark, knowing that ere long the Saints would have still greater reasons to wish him out of the way. The United States Court would commence sitting there within a fortnight, and he apprehended there would be open defiance to its authority on the part of the Mormons.

The excitement over the finding of two dead men in the streets of the city was intense in the extreme. The finding of masks on their faces and arms in their hands, evidence that they wer themselves either robbers or assassins, did not deter the indignant Saints from offering a large reward for the arrest of the "murderers," as the placards read. Young Hendrix smiled as he read them, and asked a Mormon standing by:

"What were the characters of the men who were found killed?"

"Good men," was the reply of a burly saint, "and members of the Church of Mormon."

"Do good men go about the streets of your city armed to the teeth and their faces masked from their fellow men?"

"Thou art an unbeliever," said the man, staring boldly at our young hero.

"I am an unbeliever in such things as that. Wouldn't you shoot down any man who approached you in the dead hour of the night, masked and armed?"

"No. The Lord frequently appears to his servants in all sorts of disguises and shapes."

"Then he had better not appear to me in any shape like that those two men wore. I should certainly shoot him."

"The wicked flee when no man pursueth, but the righteous are bold as a lion," remarked the Mormon, with an air of triumph.

"That's true, my friend," replied Hendrix, coolly, "and the

same book further says, 'The prudent man foreseeth evil and hideth himself, but the foolish pass on and are punished.' "

"The Lord protects those that trust in him."

"True, but He does it by making each individual the instrument of his own protection. If you attempt to kill me now, the Lord would do nothing save to inspire me with the necessary strength and courage to kill you first."

"That's good sense, anyhow," remarked a bystander, a Mormon, "and I don't see that any man has the right to arm himself and mask his face and go about the streets at night."

"The Prophet Brigham and his Council of Elders know what is right and what is wrong," added a third.

"They are no better men than you or I are, my friend," said Hendrix, turning away from the little knot of spectators.

"I am a d—d sight better man than *you* are, any day," answered the last speaker, insultingly.

"There is a difference of opinion about that, sir. If you are an honest man and obey the laws of the land, you are my equal and no more."

"You are an unbelieving dog," hissed the man, who, as Hendrix half suspected, was seeking to bring on a fight.

"Are you personally responsible for what you say, sir?"

"Yes."

"Then take that, you impudent cur," and dealing the ruffian a terrific blow with his clenched hand squarely between the eyes, he sent him "to grass" as quickly as if he had been shot. Instantly half a dozen Mormons made a rush at the young man to arrest him, but they little dreamed of the Tartar they had caught. He knocked them down about as fast as they came up, till some one fired a pistol. He then drew his seven-shooter and commenced firing at his assailants. Two of them fell, fearfully wounded, when the others took to their heels and fled, leaving the young attorney the victor. Replacing his pistol in his pocket, he deliberately walked over to the U. S. marshal's office and surrendered himself, at the same time demanding the arrest of his assailants.

CHAPTER VI.

Elder Seth Conroy, when his better-half—in more ways than one—ceased her tongue lashing, proceeded to wash his bruises and then take to his bed. He never left the house till after the elapse of a week. He sent word to Elder Ligou that he was "slightly indisposed, but would be out in a day or so," and waited for the bruises to heal. It would take a longer time for hair and whiskers to grow. To keep the secret carefully concealed he was compelled to shave off his heavy black beard—or what there was left of it—and start a new crop; and for the benefit of the raw spots on his head he wore his hat well down on his neck and ears. Mrs. Conroy helped him with all the tender care of an affectionate wife, bewailing all the time the unhusband-like treatment that caused her to "harvest" his hair and whiskers as she did.

Hearing Conroy was ill, Elder Ligou paid him a visit, but was met at the door by Mrs. Conroy and politely informed she could not permit any one to see her husband till he was better. The Elder then asked to see Ailee, and the young lady was sent for. She came and met the lecherous old saint with a very lady-like, dignified reserve. Her mother did not leave them alone a moment, but remained seated near a window, pleasantly discussing the weather and other topics, till the Elder hinted he had a revelation to seal Ailee to him for both time and eternity.

"That revelation came too late, Elder, as my daughter is already engaged to marry another man," answered the mother, pleasantly.

"Engaged to another man!" repeated Ligou, pretending great surprise at the news.

"Yes. She has been engaged the last three months."

"To whom, pray?"

"That is a question you have no right to ask, sir."

The elder blushed scarlet at this direct rebuke from a woman. He was "lord of all he surveyed" among his own kennel of spiritless wives, and did not allow one of them to even claim

her own soul as her own. Here was one, however, who had not the fear of the Church of Mormon before her eyes. She was a study to him, and he resolved to see more of her spirit. Said he:

"The revelation gives me the right to ask any question I wish concerning her."

"And the laws of the land leave it optional with me to answer you just as I please," replied the spirited woman. This bold defiance astonished the elder beyond measure.

"You are a woman's rights woman, are you not, Mrs. Conroy?"

"I believe that a woman has a few rights the law will compel man to respect, and that she has a fair share of common sense, and knows right from wrong about as well as men do."

"You don't believe in the religion of the Church of Mormon, then?"

"No, sir! I was born and bred a Christian and expect to die one. I sincerely believe that no Mormon can enter the Kingdom of Heaven."

"Blasphemy!" roared the astounded elder, springing to his feet, his face ablaze with fanatical indignation. "You are a blasphemous heretic, madam!"

"I am a lady, whom you insult by such ungentlemanly language. Leave my house, sir."

"I will not leave till I see Elder Conroy. You must be dealt with, madam, and—"

"Leave my house, you adulterous rascal!" screamed Abigail, seizing a chair and flourishing it threateningly above his head. He stood unmoved, looking her straight in the eyes, thinking she would quail before his stern gaze. But she didn't quail "worth a cent," and the next moment elder Ligou felt a thunderbolt strike him. He measured his length on the carpet, and the determined Abigail stood over him to give another blow, when Seth Conroy rushed into the room.

"My God, Abigail!" he exclaimed, seizing the uplifted chair. "You have ruined both of us!"

"I'll kill both of you if you interfere with me or mine, you set of heathen scoundrels!" and with a terrible wrench she freed the chair from his grasp. "Now get out of my house, you old Turk, before I break every bone in your body!"

Elder Ligou rushed out of the house, leaving his hat behind him, so great was his fear.

Seth Conroy trembled like an aspen, while Ailee cried as if her heart would break.

"Oh, Abigail!" groaned Seth Conroy, in the deepest anguish; "you don't know what you have done! We are ruined! We are ruined!"

"I don't believe a word of it," replied Abigail, defiantly. "This is a free country, where every one has the right to be masters of their own homes. I am mistress of this house, and I would like to see the man that can come into it and make me afraid."

"But you have struck an elder of the church, and—"

"I'll thrash Brigham himself if he dares come into my house and insult me as that old rascal did."

"You will be arrested and thrown into prison, and severely punished."

"Tut, tut, tut! There are laws of the United States in force in this Territory, which will see justice done me."

"The laws of the United States are a dead letter here, Abigail," groaned Seth, covering his face with his hands, "and the church is all-powerful. I am a ruined man. I will be expelled from the Council of Elders because of your conduct and completely ruined."

"If it will do anything toward disgusting you with this hell on earth, I shall ever rejoice in what I have done."

"Oh, mother! mother!" shrieked Ailee, springing into her mother's arms. "They will take you to prison, and leave us here in all the dangers that threaten us. What shall I do? Oh, what shall I do?"

"Hush, daughter!" said the tender, affectionate mother, softly caressing her daughter's head as it reposed on her shoulder. "They will never take me there alive!"

Ailee shuddered with horror, and pressed closer still to her idolized parent. Her loving soul could not endure the thought of peril menacing her mother. Try as she would, the words of her father, uttered in the deepest anguish, haunted her mind, telling her he had spoken the truth.

Seth Conroy went out into the garden, leaving his wife and daughter together. He was more concerned at his probable deposition and expulsion from the Council of Elders than from any danger that threatened his wife. How to avoid the disgrace of deposition became the study of his mind,—not how to protect his faithful partner from the dangers that environed her. He was

knew the horrors of the Mormon inquisition, having himself witnessed the tortures of the rack.

But Mrs. Conroy knew she would be molested by the minions of the church, through the influence of Elder Ligon. She knew, also, that her husband would not dare oppose the decree of the Council of Elders, even if that decree called for her death. Knowing this, she did not depend on him for protection. The brave woman armed herself to the teeth, and made Ailee conceal a pistol and dagger in her bosom. Thus prepared for the worst, the mother and daughter resumed their household duties as though nothing unusual had occurred.

CHAPTER VII.

The turmoil and excitement growing out of the events of the few days succeeding the meeting between Orville Hendrix and Elder Ligon prevented the usual meetings at the summer house of the lovers. Orville could not endure the suspense longer and again resorted to the garden of Seth Conroy. He waited nearly an hour at the summer house, yet Ailee failed to put in an appearance. With an aching, throbbing heart he tore a leaf from his memorandum and wrote:

"Darling: I came and waited an hour to-day, but you did not come. I pray God nothing has happened to trouble you. Assassins are on my track, and danger thickens around us both. Whatever happens, send for me, and all the power of the Government shall be exerted in your behalf. I send a thousand kisses with this, and the assurance that I am yours, heart and soul.

ORVILLE."

This he folded in the smallest possible bulk and concealed in the usual place, and took his departure from the premises. Just as he leaped the fence he heard a pistol shot and felt the wind of a bullet on his cheek.

"'A miss is as good as a mile,' my very attentive friend," said the young lover, looking around to see whence it came. He could see no one. He continued his walk, and was soon out of the narrow alley way. The whistling bullet warned him that he was liable to be shot down in the streets in the broad glare of day from the rifle of some assassin concealed in the houses of the Mormons. He felt particularly savage over his failure to meet his beloved Ailee at the summer house in her father's garden, and desired nothing better than an invitation to fight some over-zealous fanatic. But he reached his office without having been molested. The fact is, there were none amongst the Mormons who dared face him in open fight. It was well known to every member of the Council of Elders that he had slain the two men who approached him in masks the night they were found dead on the street; for they

had been selected by a few of the Elders in Council to take his life. Hence he was dreaded as a very dangerous man, and avoided as much as possible by those who were in the secret.

A few minutes after he left the summer house Ailee hurriedly entered, her face pale as death.

"Oh, mercy!" she gasped, sinking down on the seat, "I heard a shot, and—and— I—thought it was Orville! Oh, my God! if they should kill him I would die at once! My heart will break with the burthen of this awful suspense. When will he come? Ah! he has been here!" and springing up she ran to the spot where they concealed their correspondence, and drew out his note, written but a few moments before. Tearing it open she hastily devoured its contents. A deathly pallor overspread her face as she read the little sheet.

"Oh! Father in Heaven, protect him!" she exclaimed, clasping her hands and dropping on her knees, her lustrous blue eyes turned heavenward, swimming in tears. "Let him not fall by the hands of his enemies," she prayed, "for he is my all upon earth, blessed Saviour! Watch over him and keep him safe from harm. Rather let me die and be at rest, for I could not live and he dead. Oh, why is our fate so cruel!"

The unhappy maiden leaned over the seat, still on her knees, like one in utter, hopeless despair, weeping as if her heart would break. The bright auburn hair hung in a shower of ringlets about her alabaster neck and shoulders, a picture of beauty seldom vouchsafed to man. There were many others who desired to add her beautiful face and form to their harems besides Elder Ligou. It was her great personal beauty that had fired the heart of the old Saint, and her charms of mind brought the talented young attorney to her feet.

Ailee knelt there a long while, thinking over the perils that menaced her lover. Every spot in that remote corner of the garden reminded her of him. The many happy hours she had enjoyed in his society in that little summer house rendered it the dearest, sweetest place on earth to her. She loved to linger there and meditate on the past; but now the past was forgotten in the dark clouds that were fast climbing up the horizon of her future.

Placing the bit of paper in her bosom, she slowly wended her way back to the house. At the door she met her father, who invited her to walk back into the garden with him, saying he wished to talk with her. She turned back with him like a duti-

ful daughter, and slowly promenaded the pebbled walks of the garden with him. They conversed long and earnestly together about the family affairs, the father pretending to deeply regret the unfortunate differences existing between her and her mother and himself. Suddenly Ailee was startled by the sound of pistol shots in the house. She looked up at her father a moment, turned pale, and darted away, with the speed of the antelope, towards the cottage.

CHAPTER VIII.

Elder Ligou, on leaving the house of Seth Conroy, proceeded at once to summon the Council of Elders to meet that night. They met, having been notified by summons, and the Elder presented himself before that august body and preferred charges against Elder Seth Conroy, that he kept a perverse, rebellious wife and daughter, who were unbelievers in the Mormon religion; that the wife was possessed of the devil, he having been attacked and severely beaten by her in his house, when she was so possessed. The Council unanimously condemned her to arrest and punishment, deposing her husband from the position of Elder in the Church of Mormon till she should be relieved of the evil spirit that controlled her actions. Three Danites were assigned the duty of arresting and bringing her to the prison house for recusant Mormons.

Armed with this authority, the three Danites proceeded to the house of Elder Conroy late in the afternoon of the next day, and applied for admittance. Seth Conroy saw them coming, and left the house by the back door, where he met Ailee and requested her to walk back in the garden with him. Mrs. Conroy met the three strangers at the door, and asked their mission.

"Is this the house of Elder Seth Conroy?" asked the spokesman of the party.

"Yes. What do you want of him?"

"We want his wife to go with us, by order of the Council of Mormon Elders."

"Tell the Council of Mormon Elders that, not being a Mormon myself, I deny their right to have anything to do with me, and will obey no order coming from them. So take yourselves off as fast as you can, sir."

"Are you Mrs. Conroy?"

"Yes, I am."

"Then you must go with me, madame, whether you like to or not," said the man, sternly, pushing open the door and confronting the daring woman.

Mrs. Conroy was not in the least frightened. Stepping back a few paces she deliberately drew a pistol from the bosom of her dress, cocked it and aimed it at the speaker's head.

"I will give you just three minutes in which to walk out of my house alive, sir, otherwise you will be a dead man as sure as Brigham Young is a hypocrite."

The desperate villain had met death face to face many a time. in the service of the Council of Elders, but never before had he been defied by a woman. To be balked by one was not down in his instructions, hence he merely laughed, saying:

"That game of bluff don't work, my good woman. You've got to go with us, so come a——"

"Bang!" went the pistol in the hand of the dauntless woman, as the ruffian approached to lay hands on her. He staggered back against the wall, his left cheek split open by the bullet. Ere he could recover from his surprise she fired another shot, which took effect in his shoulder. With a howl the astounded ruffian dashed out of the house, yelling at every step. The other two, less talkative, but more desperate, immediately drew their pistols and commenced firing at the heroic womam. She stood unmoved in the middle of the room, returning shot for shot, and had wounded both her assailants when Ailee dashed wildly into the room, pistol in hand.

This new enemy, a chip of the old block, filled the two Mormons with dismay. They made a rush towards the door, but Ailee, wild with fright, fired a parting shot at them. One of the men tumbled out of the door—dead, a bullet in his brain. The other fled on the "wings of the wind," himself severely "nipped" in several places.

The mother remained standing in the centre of the room, grandly, beautifully defiant. Ailee ran shricking to her arms, and mother and daughter were pressed to each other's heart.

"Mother! mother!" gasped Ailee, her voice almost failing her; "are you hurt? Will you die?"

"No, daughter," replied the heroic mother, "I am unhurt, thanks to our good Father in Heaven. But where is your father?"

"I left him in the garden when I heard the firing."

"In the garden! Did he hear the pistols?"

"Yes. He met me at the door and asked me to walk back in the garden with him, and I was with him when I heard the shots. Ugh! mother, it is horrible!"

The mother made no reply to her daughter, but the great glaring, hard and rigid looks of her eyes and face, told of other emotions than that of tenderness and womanly sympathy. She was thinking of her husband's desertion of her in the hour of danger —when her very life was in jeopardy—and left her to take care of herself. The attempt to entice Ailee away from her side when he saw the Danites coming, filled her soul with stinging contempt.

Ailee led her into her own room and procured a glass of cold water for her. She drank it without uttering a word, growing paler each moment. Ailee saw the changing color and grew terribly alarmed. She ran to the back door, calling her father in excited tones. Seth Conroy hastened to the house, expecting to find his wife weltering in her blood. As he entered her room Mrs. Conroy sprang to her feet and confronted him.

CHAPTER IX.

The glaring eyes and pallid face of his wife filled the Mormon Elder with apprehensions for her sanity. But she quickly dispelled all doubts from his mind, on that score.

"Seth Conroy!" she demanded, sternly, "where have you been?"

"Out in the garden, Abigail."

"Did you hear firing in the house here?"

"Yes."

"Why didn't you come in to see about it?"

"Because I knew it would be useless. I can do nothing with you, Abigail. You have brought all this trouble on yourself against my—"

"Did you see those men coming towards the house before you went out?"

"Yes."

"And knew what they were coming here for?"

"Yes, and knew how utterly useless it would be to resist the church. I did not wish to see you arrested."

"Nor did you desire to see me safe out of their hands. You heard the firing, and knew your wife was in danger of being killed, yet did not think enough of her to raise your hand in her defence; you even tried to entice her daughter from her side that the beautiful, shining Saints might have no opposition in their glorious work of murdering her mother!"

"Abigail, I—"

"Don't utter a word, Seth Conroy. I know what you would say, and I know enough to satisfy me that you are no longer a fit person to be my husband. Do you see that door? March out of it, sir, and know that it will be death to you ever to enter it again as long as I live in this house."

"My God, Abigail, you—"

"Not a word, sir," spoke she, sternly. "This property is deeded and recorded in my name and the law gives it to me. Such a wretch as you deserves to be turned out with the wild

savages of the plains. You are unworthy of the name of man. Go, sir, with the scorn and contempt of your wife and children following you to the uttermost parts of the earth Go!"

Just then the two boys, who had been out on the street, several blocks away, playing with other youths, came running into the house, saying there was a crowd of people at the door and a dead man lying on the ground in front of the steps. Neither parent answered or looked towards them. They stared at father and mother in childish surprise, till Ailee took them both by the hand and drew them out of the room.

"Abigail," huskily called Seth Conroy, now white as a sheet, you are—"

"Go!" hissed the intrepid woman, pointing towards the door, her bosom heaving and eyes flashing fiercely. "Go, ere I slay the unworthy father of my children! Go, and never let me see your face again."

"I will go, Abigail," and the discarded husband spoke sadly and mournfully, "but the time will come when you will regret this robbery of wife, children and property."

"Perhaps I may, but it will be when you are more worthy the name of man than you now are. Go from my sight, and my scorn and contempt go with you!"

"Good-bye, Abigail!" said he sadly, with tears in his eyes, as he stood with his hand against the door, looking pleadingly back at her rigid, pitiless face.

They stood facing each other, she with a stern, contemptuous look in her eyes, and he, hoping, praying she would relent and recall the cold, biting, cruel words that separated them, perhaps forever. But not a feature relaxed, and the outraged woman sternly ordered him to leave the house. Slowly he opened the door, gave one last, longing, lingering look and passed out into the wide, wide world.

CHAPTER X.

It was quite dark when Seth Conroy passed out of the house to the street. A crowd of people, probably half a hundred in number, had gathered around the dead Danite in front of the door. They seized him at once, as being either the murderer, or accessory to the act. The sad, heart-broken man made no resistance, nor even protested his innocence. The dead man was taken up and carried away, the crowd with the prisoner following. They were met by hundreds of excited people, who had heard of the tragedy and were rushing to the scene of its occurrence. By the time the body was conveyed to the public hall, upwards of a thousand eager, excited people were congregated around it. In the hall the leader of the three men confronted Conroy, declaring he had nothing to do with the shooting. Whereupon the unfortunate man was released from custody, and he quietly passed out into the street, followed by the jeers and hisses of the Mormons.

The excitement increased with each hour of the night. The news flew from mouth to mouth, till nearly every man, woman and child in the city had heard of it. Young Orville Hendrix heard it with dismay. His heart sank within him, lest the excited religious fanatics should attack the family and kill every member of it. He could not rest till he saw the mother and daughter in person. No time was to be lost. He proceeded, night as it was, to hunt up the United States Marshal and his deputies, with a view of arresting Mrs. Conroy and Ailee, and thus protecting them from the mob. He spent two hours looking for the officers and getting out the necessary papers for the object he had in view. Everything being in readiness, they proceeded, with two deputies armed to the teeth, toward the locality of the Conroy residence. On their way there they heard a rumor that came near turning the heart of Orville Hendrix to stone.

Let us go back a couple of hours and note occurring events at the cottage, after Seth Conroy was discarded by his wife. Mrs.

Conroy went from the front room to another, where Ailee and the two boys sat weeping. Placing her hand on the heads of each of her children, she said, in a faltering voice:

"We are all alone in the world, my children. May God watch over and protect you from all harm, is the prayer of your loving mother."

"Not alone, mother!" exclaimed Ailee, springing up and throwing her arms about her parent's neck. "Not alone! We are all left to each other, and Orville will be a protector able and willing to shield us from those wicked men!"

"He, too, may forsake us, child, now that trouble has come upon us. He is nothing but a man after all, and—"

"Mother! Mother! I would as soon doubt myself, or even *you*, as doubt Orville Hendrix!" exclaimed Ailee, impulsively, her fresh young face the picture of loving faith in her lover.

"So would I have talked of your father twenty-five years ago child, and you see the end of my dream. If we trust in God and ourselves we'll never be disappointed."

The mother and daughter proceeded to prepare supper. after which they set the house in order for any emergency that might arise. Mrs. Conroy carefully reloaded the pistol with which she had defended herself so gallantly, and awaited further demonstrations from her enemies. She remained unmolested nearly three hours, and Ailee had begun to indulge the hope that they would not be again disturbed that night. But alas for her hopes! There came an ominous knocking on the front door. Mrs. Conroy went to the door, pistol in hand, and demanded:

"Who is it?"

No answer, except a repetition of the knocking.

"Mother," said Ailee, whispering to her mother, "the house is surrounded with armed men. They are all around the house, in the yard and garden."

"Then there is no use to resist," replied she, placing the pistol back in the bosom of her dress. "Keep your weapons for the worst, child. We must submit for the present. I'll open the door."

Mrs. Conroy then opened the door, and a dozen armed men rushed into the house as if they were storming a battery.

"What does all this mean, gentlemen?" she asked, coolly facing the array of armed ruffians.

"It means you are our prisoners, you and your daughter!" replied one who appeared to be the leader of the band. "Do you surrender?"

"By what authority do you arrest us?"

"By the authority of the Council of Elders of the Mormon Church."

"I am no Mormon, and do not recognize any such authority," boldly answered the heroic woman.

"Seize her, men!" commanded the leader, sternly, and in a moment more she was rudely thrown to the floor and handcuffed like a criminal. Ailee was handled scarcely less rudely, but was handcuffed to her mother's wrist, and marched out of the house with her. The two boys remained locked up in their room, ignorant of the fate of their beloved mother and sister.

They had been gone scarcely thirty minutes from the house ere Orville Hendrix and the Marshal heard of it, while on their way to protect them. They proceeded on to the house, however, determined to place some kind of a guard over the property, which Hendrix knew was in the name of Ailee's mother. They found the two brothers in their room, trembling in fear of their lives. Orville knew them well, and they also knew him as the lover of their adored sister.

"Henry," said Hendrix, addressing the eldest, a lad of fifteen, "they have taken your mother and sister away, and it is doubtful about the house being a safe place for you and Thad. You and him had better come with me. I'll see that you are taken care of."

"Thank you, Mr. Hendrix," said Henry. "We'll go with you anywhere, but can't you find out where they've taken mother and sister to?"

"I guess we can, but we don't know now. Come on and let's get away as soon as we can."

The two boys gladly followed their generous friend, and returned to the hotel with him. They now looked to him as their only friend in the wide world, and fully appreciated the perils of their situation.

But the young attorney did not rest after leaving the boys at the hotel. He donned a disguise which he had often worn, armed himself to the teeth, and set off alone to learn what he could of the fate of his beloved. He turned his face in the direction of the public hall, where the body of the dead Danite, like Julius Cæsar's, was exposed to public view. An immense crowd were congregated in and about the hall, all discussing the tragedy and the terrible prowess of the woman. There appeared to be but one sentiment among the crowd, viz.: that she was

possessed of evil spirits, whom only the tortures of the rack could subdue. Many strenuously advocated putting the "murderess," as Mrs. Conroy was termed, to a speedy death. The fiery soul of the young lawyer burned within him as he heard the name of her he loved better than his own life, bandied about from mouth to mouth of the fanatical wretches, with horrible misrepresentations. But he was a man of iron will and nerves of steel. He controlled himself amid the dangers that surrounded him, coolly questioning those with whom he came in contact about the disposition made of the two prisoners. He learned they were both before the Council of Elders, then in session. They were on trial for their lives, then, he thought, and his soul writhed in an agony of suspense.

"Oh!" he groaned, inwardly, "if Johnston's command were only here at this moment, I would arrest the entire crew of hellish demons, and give them the full benefit of violated law!"

But the military had not yet reached the city, and the two women were being tried for their lives, on the charge of murdering a servant of the Church in the due discharge of his duty. It was a secret session of the Council, during which none but the Elders were admitted. Mrs. Conroy boldly denied their jurisdiction, demanding to be tried before the legal tribunals of the country. The Council denied her the benefit of counsel, and proceeded to pronounce her guilty of heresy, and of resisting the authority of the Church of Mormon, condemning her to the rack in the Mormon Inquisition.

CHAPTER XI.

As soon as Ailee heard the decision of the Council she gave a wild, despairing shriek, and swooned away to utter unconsciousness. Orville Hendrix, as well as hundreds of others, heard the shriek, and a moment later an Elder came out and whispered to one or two the decision of the Council. It spread from mouth to mouth with telegraphic rapidity, and soon the young United States Attorney knew it. His knees almost gave way under him, so great was the horror that possessed him.

"Oh, God!" he praved in the deep recesses of his soul, "why cannot they be saved this horrible torture? Why are these wild fanatics permitted to hold sway in this fair land, and thus defy the laws of God and man?"

Leaning against the wall he pondered on the situatiou, racking his prolific brain for some plan of rescue. Suddenly he darted away from the crowd, disappearing from sight in the twinkling of an eye.

Let us follow him.

Down the street, with the speed of the antelope, he fled, going in the direction of the hotel. Reaching the locality of the hotel he turned down a narrow street, stopping at the first house on the left, and giving five distinct raps on the door, it was opened by a stout, middle-aged man, who asked:

"What is it, Captain?"

"Follow me to the office in disguise ten minutes from now, armed for any emergency."

"I will be there on time, Captain."

The young man called at six other houses in almost as many minutes, calling out nine stout-hearted Gentiles, who had never flinched before the threats of Mormonism. They all met at the young attorney's office, armed to the teeth. He briefly stated the case of Mrs. Conroy and her daughter, and asked if they would follow where he would lead them.

"Yes!" they responded to a man.

"Then follow me and we will startle Mormondom from centre to circumference!"

"Lead the way, Captain," said one of the men, and the little party of ten hurriedly filed out of the young lawyer's office. They wended their way out towards the great tabernacle, past which they hurried, turning neither to the right or left. They halted near a large, elegant residence, surveyed it carefully on all sides, and then silently marched to the front door. Hendrix rang the bell. A servant opened it.

"A delegation to see the Prophet on pressing business," said Hendrix to the servant.

"The Prophet is asleep," said the servant, shaking his head.

"You must wake him up then, for it is a case of life and death. We *must* see him, and that right away."

"I will tell him what you say, though it is against his orders for me to do so, unless it is business of a very pressing nature."

"He will soon think ours is very pressing," remarked Hendrix, sternly, as the servant closed the door and retired to wake up the Prophet, Brigham, who had retired with his last new wife for the night. The servant returned and invited the "delegation" into the library of the mansion, saying the Prophet would meet them there in a few minutes.

Hendrix followed, with his band, the servant as he led the way to the library. They seated themselves, and quietly waited for the head of the Mormon Church to present himself before them. He came in a few minutes later, dressed in a dressing-gown of very rich material, and in no very good humor. He had taken a new wife three days before, and did not like to be called from her arms at such an unseasonable hour. He glared around the room, looking sternly at each face before him. They were all strangers, before whom he never appeared, so he thought, in the light of "head of the church."

"Well, gentlemen," he spoke gruffly, "what is it that calls me up at such an hour of the night?"

"We have come, Mr. Young," said young Hendrix, "to ask you to set aside the decision of the Council of Elders, rendered two hours since, in the case of Mrs. Conroy and her daughter. They are not members of the Mormon Church, and therefore ought not to be tried by the Council of Elders."

Brigham Young glanced fiercely at the young man a moment, who returned his gaze unflinchingly.

"Who made *you* a judge of the judgment of the Council, young man?" he asked, sternly.

"Nobody, sir; but plain common sense will tell you that—"

"Silence, sir!" thundered the head of the Church. "You forget to whom you are talking!"

"I understand your name is Young, sir. Am I right?" coolly asked Hendrix, eyeing the Prophet boldly in the face.

"Yes," nodded Young.

"Commonly called 'the Prophet,' and head of the Mormon Church?"

"Yes."

"Then I know to whom I am addressing myself. We are not Mormons, Mr. Young, and therefore are not disposed to recognize you as the monarch of all you survey. We came to ask you to set aside the decision of the Council of Elders on the ground that for crimes committed against the laws of the land, civil, and not ecclesiastical courts, are the proper tribunals before which to try the offenders. Those two ladies are not Mormons, nor do they recognize the Council as having any right to interfere with them."

"The Council of Elders have supreme jurisdiction over this entire Territory, even to hanging every one of you for your impertinence in coming here and daring to lecture the head of the Church on the duties of his office. Leave my presence, you unbelieving dogs!"

"Not so fast, Mr. Young," said Hendrix, coolly drawing a bright bladed bowie from his breast pocket. "We have come here for the purpose of protecting two ladies from outrage and torture, which it is in your power to prevent if you will. If you do not give the order within five minutes you are a dead man."

"Young man," sneered the Prophet, with *hauteur* in both air and tone, "such threats have no effect on the head of the Mormon Church. I will have you punished for your insolence, and—"

"Cease such talk, sir!" cried Hendrix, jerking the Prophet round towards the table in the centre of the room. "Sign the order for the release of Mrs. Conroy and daughter, or take the consequences. You ought to know we mean business and not idle threats. Ten men on such business as ours don't mean child's play. Will you sign the order, sir?"

"I will not."

"Then take the consequences, you lecherous imp of darkness!" hissed Hendrix, making a pass at the old sinner's throat with his bowie. Young sprang aside, turning as pale as a sheet. The others drew their bowies and crowded around him.

"Hold!" he gasped, holding up his hands supplicatingly. "Do you mean to murder me?"

"We certainly mean to take your life in retaliation for Mrs. Conroy and her daughter," replied Hendrix, his eyes flashing fire. "Until the United States military forces arrive, we intend to use any means in our power to protect the innocent from Mormon oppression. Will you sign the order now?"

"Yes. My life is worth more to the Mormon Church than a thousand women."

"Sit down and write it, then, for the tortures of the rack begin at midnight."

The head of the Church sat down, and with a trembling hand wrote an order for the release of Mrs. Conroy and daughter on the ground of "Policy."

Hendrix read the order carefully, shaking his head.

"This won't do, sir. Write an unconditional discharge on the ground of lack of jurisdiction."

"I cannot. The Elders know better than that."

"But *you* know, sir, that they have no jurisdiction over anybody. This Territory belongs to the United States, which you well know, and the first thing you know the head of the Church and the entire Council of Elders will be hung for treason. Write the discharge as I direct, sir, or your life is not worth a puff of wind."

The order was written as directed, and handed to the young man.

"Put the seal of your office to it, sir."

The seal was stamped on the order, as directed.

"Two of you come with me," said Hendrix, turning to his companions, "the rest remain here with Mr. Young till I send word to either kill or release him. If this order does not effect my purpose, cut his throat from ear to ear. We have a few Danites of our own, Mr. Young."

CHAPTER XII.

After the decision of the Council of Elders was rendered, Mrs. Conroy and Ailee were removed to the dungeon attached to the office of the inquisition. The latter was unceremoniously taken up and carried out by two ruffians, the fiendish Danites, a sect of assassins employed by the Church of the Mormons. She was tossed on a rude bed in the dark, damp dungeon, and left to the tender care of her mother. When the door was shut on them they were enveloped in worse than Egyptian darkness. It was so intense that one could almost stretch out the hand and feel it. One thing, for which the brave mother rejoiced, the irons had been taken from their hands, and they were free to use them. Mrs. Conroy groped about the room till she found the bed on which Ailee lay in the death-like swoon. The moment she found her she threw herself on her knees by the rude bed, and sought to revive her child by her maternal kisses.

Thank God for mother-love! The heart of a mother throbs with a pure and holy love for her offspring, even when that offspring stings and wounds it to death. Mother-love is the one strong check to the total depravity of the human race, the one God-like virtue still left on earth. It is not less pure than the love of the angels, and is the one link that binds immortal souls to the angelic hosts of Heaven. The darker the clouds, the greater the perils that surround us, the brighter does a mother's love glow. Oh! the depth, the heighth, the breadth of a mother's love! Who can fathom it?

Mrs. Conroy shook and kissed her daughter till she moaned in half consciousness.

"Ailee! Ailee!" cried the mother, hoping her voice would arouse her, continuing her caresses; "speak to me, darling! It is me, your mother!"

"Mother! mother!" moaned the poor girl, "where are you? I cannot see you, it is so dark. Where are are you?"

"Here by your side, darling," answered the Spartan mother her heart almost bursting with grief.

"Oh, mother, is it all a dream? Where are those wicked men, mother?"

"Alas! daughter, it is no dream. We are still in their power, and locked up in a dungeon. But we will trust in God and pray unceasingly," and the heroic mother then sent up a prayer for the safety of her three children. Her whole soul centred on them—she feared nothing for herself. The self-forgetfulness of the mother affected the daughter till she sprang up and clasped her to her heart.

"We are armed yet, mother," she cried. "They forgot to search us for arms. Oh, we shall escape yet. I'll no longer tremble and faint, mother, but will face a legion of men for your sake."

Mrs. Conroy smiled, felt in her bosom for the pistol she had placed there, and felt a thrill of joy as she found it. The old Revolutionary spirit of her ancestors revived in her bosom. They sat and talked of their plans for escape, resolving that ere they would submit to the tortures of the rack they would draw their pistols and compel the fiends to kill them in self-defence. How long they remained there they knew not, but the hours seemed months to them. The end came, however, as they heard footsteps along the corridor that led to the door of their dungeon. A key turned in the ponderous lock, the door slowly grated on its heavy hinges as it moved back. The glare of the lamp the man held in his hand nearly blinded the two prisoners for the space of several minutes. As soon as they could see to walk the man gruffly commanded them to follow him. They followed him into a medium-sized, well-lighted room in which were seated two Elders of the Church of Mormon, clothed in priestly garb, and another whose face was securely masked.

"Mrs. Conroy," said one of the Elders, rising as she entered the room. "You have a last chance to save yourself and daughter by giving in your adhesion to the Mormon Church, and your daughter to be sealed to Elder Ligou for time and eternity."

"Neither of which I will do, God being my helper," bravely replied the heroic woman. "You have no legal jurisdiction over me, and I will not recognize your right to interfere with me in any shape or manner whatever."

"The time for discussing the right of jurisdiction is past. Perhaps you may yet change your determination. Show her into the next room."

They were conducted into an adjoining room, which was hung

on all sides with black cloth, giving it a gloomy, dismal appearance even with a brilliant light. In the centre stood the awful traditional wheel or rack, a relic of the terrible inquisitions of Spain and Italy. Instruments of torture lay conspicuously displayed in different parts of the rooms. Mrs. Conroy scrutinized the room and its contents closely a moment or two, and then turning to the Elder, said:

"This, then, is the torture room of the Saints. Verily, it is stealing the livery of heaven to serve the devil in. I hate and abhor the Mormon religion and will die a Christian."

"Seize her, executioner, and do your duty," exclaimed the Elder, sternly. "It is useless to waste breath on the heretic."

The masked man and the one who had officiated as jailer advanced towards her to seize and bind her to the wheel. The brave woman stepped back a couple of paces, and Ailee fired two shots in rapid succession, sending both of the fiends reeling to the floor, one shot through the heart and the other through the brain. Mrs. Conroy was as much astonished as the two Elders, as she did not expect the young girl to open the combat. The Elders uttered yells of dismay and darted towards the door; but the intrepid girl placed herself in the only door of the room, with her smoking pistol levelled at their heads. They fell on their knees and begged for mercy.

"Mercy!" shrieked the brave girl. "Mercy to such vile wretches as *you!* Men who have no mercy for weak, helpless women and children are the first to whine for mercy when the tables are turned on them. Yes, you shall have mercy; such as you have, and intended for us, shall be meted out to you, for which you ought to thank the Mormon Church. What is sauce for geese will do for ganders too, you know. Mother, tie them to that wheel while I stand guard here. If they prefer death to the rack, let them resist."

Mrs. Conroy was utterly astounded at the spirit manifested by Ailee, and felt not a little apprehensive in regard to her mind. But it was the old revolutionary spirit of her ancestors which the terrible ordeals of the last few days had developed. Her eyes beamed with the brightest intelligence, and the mother rejoiced in the triumph of reason as she returned her gaze.

Mrs. Conroy advanced towards the kneeling wretches, when they both threw themselves on the floor and prayed abjectly for mercy. She heeded them not, but taking the cords attached to the wheel, proceeded to secure the limbs of the nearest one. He sprang away, as if stung, still pleading for mercy.

"If you do not get up and submit quietly, you will not have five minutes to live, Mr. Saint," quietly remarked Ailee, but with a tone of concentrated determination that carried the conviction she meant what she said.

"Oh, mercy! mercy! For the love of God, mercy!" shrieked the wretched man, throwing himself at the feet of Mrs. Conroy, and clasping her knees. "Have mercy, and I'll see that you will never be molested again."

"The Council of Elders will not see your way of thinking; besides, I will only do to you as you intended to do to us. You know Haman once built a high gallows for old Mordecai, and found it suited himself as well as the old man. These things repeat themselves, and you ought to be thankful that you are permitted to play martyr for the Mormon Church."

"I will abjure the Mormon religion and return to the faith of my fathers, if you will spare me this terrible suffering," pleaded the trembling saint.

"You'll never get to heaven by changing your religion so often, Elder," sneered Abigail Conroy, her face expressive of the contempt she felt for the base wretch before her.

"Wait till he is on the rack, mother," interrupted Ailee, "and then write his confession. He will then tell us some of his private sins for which he ought to receive a little punishment. Tie him on the wheel."

The heroic woman pushed him shrinking against the wheel, and a moment later he was bound helpless on the terrible instrument of torture. She had never before seen such an instrument, but the position of the cords attached to it told her but too plainly how it should be managed. She did not exercise the devilish ingenuity of the professional executioner, but her understanding was equal to the self-imposed task.

While the one was being bound to the wheel, the other Elder, clad in the long black gown of the confessionist, was kneeling with his pallid face to the wall, praying with might and main.

"The wheel is ready, daughter," whispered Mrs. Conroy. "Must I turn it?"

"Yes," answered Ailee, in a loud, pitiless voice, "turn it as they would have turned it on you and me. Such mercy as they gave us we will give unto them."

Mrs. Conroy took hold of the iron lever of the wheel and commenced turning it. The wild, terrific shrieks of the man were perfectly heart-rending. Still the awful instrument went round with pitiless force and power, and the prayers and shrieks became awful. Groans that would have softened the hearts of fiends almost, filled the room. Suddenly the sound of rushing feet were heard, and the praying Elder in the corner sprang up, shouting wildly:

"Saved! saved! saved!"

CHAPTER XIII.

Armed with the order for the release of Mrs. Conroy and daughter, the young hero and his two determined companions hastened back to the Council House, leaving seven of his friends watching over the Prophet, Brigham Young, till the result of the order was known. He sped along the deserted streets to the hall where the council had held its session. It was dark and silent. Not a soul was to be seen. Where had the two unfortunate ladies been taken?

Hendrix fumed and swore terrible oaths of vengeance if a single hair of their heads were touched. At last they found the janitor of the hall and asked him where the two prisoners had been carried.

"Why, to the torture room, of course," replied the man, thinking he was addressing Mormons.

"Where is that room?"

The janitor looked suspiciously at the young man, shook his head, and said nothing.

"I have an order here from the Prophet, calling for their release. Will you show us the room where they are?"

"If you will let me see the order," answered the man, now quite suspicious of the three men.

"Certainly. Here it is. Strike a light."

The janitor struck a match and saw the signature and seal of the Prophet.

"It is genuine," he murmured, "and ought to have come half an hour sooner. Come with me and I'll show you the room where they are. You will not be allowed to enter it, though."

"Lead the way, quick, for it may be too late!" urged Hendrix, pushing the slow-moving man along the dark passage till they reached the head of a narrow flight of stairs. Here he lit a small lamp and led the party down, down, down through a perfect labyrinth of stairs, till they reached a long, narrow corridor, the coolness of the air telling the three men they were far down in the bowels of the earth. Scarcely were they at the foot of the

stairs ere they heard muffled shrieks and groans, as if the sounds came through solid walls.

"My God!" exclaimed Hendrix, bounding to the side of the janitor. "We are too late! Which room is it?"

"The one at the end of the passage there."

Hendrix sprang forward, followed by his two companions, and threw himself against the door. It flew open, and he rushed into the room adjoining the one in which the instruments of torture were kept. Here the awful shrieks and groans filled them with horror. They dashed on against another door on the opposite side from which they entered, burst it open and plunged into the room—the Inquisition of the Mormon Church.

The sight that met the astonished gaze of Orville Hendrix and his two friends beggars description. Instead of seeing one of the helpless women bound to the wheel, they beheld a man there, and another on his knees giving thanks to God that deliverance had come, while the two women stood in the centre of the room, pistols in hand and eyes flashing defiance.

"Thank God we are not too late!" exclaimed Orville Hendrix, looking towards his beloved Ailee. The maiden knew that loved voice. With a glad cry of:

"Oh, Orville!" she sprang forward and was clasped to his heart in a passionate embrace. "I knew you would come as soon as you could find us. I love you, Orville, and never doubted you!"

"Thanks, darling! I've done all in my power, and succeeded in making the Prophet sign an order for the release of your mother and yourself. I had to draw a bowie knife almost across his throat to make him do it, though. You—"

Here he was interrupted by a shriek from the man on the wheel, and a despairing groan from the other Elder still in the room. The janitor tried to escape, but was detained by one of the others.

"How is this, darling?" asked Orville Hendrix, staring at Mrs. Conroy presiding at the wheel. "You seem to be mistress of the situation here, and—Heavens! two men dead on the floor! What does is mean, Ailee?"

"It means that we have turned the tables on them, Orville, after they laughed us to scorn when we pleaded for mercy. The wretches forgot to search us for arms, and we have had our weapons with us all the time."

'Oh! Heaven will never desert such noble, brave women!" exclaimed the gallant young lover, again pressing Ailee to his heart, and showering kisses on her lovely young face. Then he released her to take her mother by the hand.

"Permit me to express to you my deepest respect and admiration, Mrs. Conroy," he said, bowing profoundly before the heroic matron. "Such heroism as you have displayed deserves to be embalmed in the deathless pages of history."

"I sought only to protect myself and children from unjust oppression, sir," she replied, leaning against the wheel on which the suffering Elder was piteously groaning. "But it is Ailee who has done all this mischief to-night. Just as they attempted to seize and bind me to the wheel she commenced firing, killing those two wretches there. She then insisted that we should put those two Elders to the wheel."

"Great God! What a retribution! Their sins have overtaken them. Put them both to the wheel, and then perhaps they may not be so intolerant in their views of other people's right to believe as they wish."

Mrs. Conroy gave the wheel another turn and the wild shrieks of the Elder resounded through the underground apartments with fearful intonations. What other shrieks and moans had been wrenched from the hundreds of unfortunate victims by the minions of the Mormon Church the witnesses of this scene could well imagine.

"Are you ready and willing to voluntarily abjure and denounce the Mormon Church and religion?" asked Mrs. Conroy of the moaning, half-fainting Elder.

"Yes!" he gasped, "a thousand times!"

"Orville, will you please write his recantation on that paper there on the table? They had it there for us, I presume, and they shall not be disappointed. Write it full and complete, and I'll read it to him.

The young attorney sat down and hastily wrote a full and complete recantation, and handed it to the indomitable woman. She read it with a clear, determined voice, asking the sufferer if he would sign it.

"Yes! yes! Take me off. I am dying!"

He was immediately released, given water, and left to lie on the floor, a miserable mass of aching pains in every nerve and fibre. The other Elder was then seized and bound to the wheel, during which time he never ceased a moment to fill the room

with the most horrid shrieks and imprecations, offering to recant in advance of the torture.

"You could not know how to sympathize with us unless you take a taste of the sauce, sir," said Abigail Conroy, adjusting the cords of the wheel with merciless severity. "Now I will give you a few turns of the wheel, during which time you can think of the glorious privilege you have of being a martyr to the cause of the Church of Mormon. There! Don't scream so loud. Why don't you cry out 'Blessed is the Mormon Church and Brigham, its Prophet?' Will you recant now and never again play 'Elder' in the Council?"

"Yes! yes! I'll go away and never come back! For God's sake have mercy on me!'

He was released, and, in company with the other Elder and the janitor, signed a full and complete recantation, denouncing the Mormon religion. The janitor came forward and signed it voluntarily, fearing the wheel and the two determined women.

"Now, janitor," said Hendrix, "show us the way out of this den of iniquity, and we will go about our business again."

"Not till these instruments of torture are destroyed," interrupted Ailee, determinedly. "They must not remain to be used again on others."

The men seized axes and hammers, which were in the adjoining room, and soon demolished the Mormon Inquisition irreparably. Every thing was destroyed, even to the velvet hangings of the walls. This done, the party prepared to depart, telling the two bruised, moaning Elders the janitor would return and take charge of them. Hendrix then took Ailee and her mother on each arm and followed the janitor out into the corridor and up the labyrinth of stairs.

CHAPTER XIV.

The bold, daring act of bearding the head of the Mormon Church in his home, and at the point of a bowie compel him to sign an order for the discharge of certain prisoners, was not without an eye witness *outside* the room in which it occurred. The faithful, lynx-eyed servant who first met them at the door heard and saw all that passed. The glittering bowie held so close to the sacred windpipe of the Prophet filled his fanatical soul with fear and trembling. He dared not alarm the household and set a dozen wives and two score of children to screaming "Murder" at the top of their shrill voices. That would have hastened the end of the earthly career of the holy man beyond the shadow of a doubt. The trouble lay with the Elders in charge of the women, who, the servant feared, would quibble and delay matters without knowing the danger of the Prophet. To avoid this, and thus save the life of his master, caused the faithful slave of delusion to desert his post, and hasten to alarm the Elders, who had retired to their homes after the adjournment of the Council.

They were each and all so utterly astounded as not to know which way to turn. The very audacity of the act filled them with dismay. They all, with one accord, hastened to the house of Elder Ligou, and there discussed the danger that menaced the Prophet. Ligou proposed that they call out the band of Danites by runners, hold them in readiness till the Prophet should be released, then, by a desperate attack, destroy the daring unbelievers and rescue the two women. This plan was agreed to instantly, and runners were dispatched to the residences of a score of well-known Danites, to summon them to assemble, armed to the teeth, at the residence of Elder Ligou. In thirty minutes' time nearly a score of those bloody assassins were gathered together ready to do any work of blood assigned them. They were held in readiness, waiting only to hear of the safety of the Prophet, to march at a moment's notice. Soon the word came:

"The Prophet is released, and the men are just leaving the house."

The band of religious fanatics marched out to meet them, and confronted the seven Gentiles in the middle of the street. The seven saw them coming, and suspected something from their numbers and orderly way of marching. They drew their deadly revolvers, resolved to sell their lives as dearly as possible.

"Halt!" commanded a voice among the Danites. "Surrender, or die!"

Bang! bang! went two volleys of seven shots each from the seven friends of Ailee Conroy and Orville Hendrix, nearly every one of which took terrible effect amongst the crowd of Danites. The little band of seven then scattered, going in every direction. A feeble volley was fired at them, but without effect; while five of the Danites were stretched dead on the ground, and as many more badly wounded. They were fiercely aroused, and vowed a universal slaughter of the unbelievers in the city. Elder Ligou being with them, managed to control the turbulent spirits, marching them hurriedly in the direction of the secret Inquisition. They almost ran in their eagerness to intercept Hendrix and the two ladies. Their blood was up, and blood they were determined to shed, ere the morrow's sun arose. They met the party of four within a block of the hotel, and, without uttering a word, commenced firing upon them. The friend of Hendrix, who had bravely aided him throughout the whole of that eventful night, fell at the first fire, shot through the head. Orville Hendrix drew his revolver and shot down the nearest one to him, Ailee and her mother following his example, doing fearful execution. The voice of Elder Ligou was heard urging the assassins to take the women alive. Orville fired his last shot at him, his bullet cropping his left ear, marking him as effectually as ever a cow was. The Danites made a rush, bore him to the ground, and crowded so numerously about him as to render further resistance useless. He was overpowered and made a prisoner, along with his *affiancee* and her heroic mother.

CHAPTER XV.

Let us now return to Seth Conroy, the disgraced and discarded husband of Abigail Conroy. The reader will remember we left him going out of his house, where he was arrested and carried to the Council Hall, charged with being concerned in the killing of the Danite who was found dead at his door.

When he was released from custody he went out into the street, a sad-looking man, his hands clasped and his face clouded with a woful expression.

"Oh Lord!" he groaned, in anguish of spirit, "where shall I go to hide my shame from the gaze of man? Disgraced in the eyes of men, bereft of wife and children, and driven forth penniless into the world to work again as in the days of my youth. Those who pretended to be my friends are such no longer, but shun me as a leper. This is the spirit of the Mormon Church. God help me if I have sinned in turning Mormon. I will go away and ponder over this cruel state of affairs."

He wandered about the streets like one distracted, till meeting with a friend, a well known unbeliever, with whom he had often had extensive business transactions. To him he frankly related the terrible misfortune that had so suddenly overtaken him, and solicited the loan of a sum of money, to be repaid as soon as it could be realized by the borrower. The generous Gentile, full of sympathy for the misguided man, promptly gave him the desired sum, and tendered him the shelter of his house till he perfected permanent arrangements to go elsewhere. He even offered to act as his friend in effecting a reconciliation with his indignant wife.

"It will be of no use my dear friend," he said, mournfully, "the Council of Elders will destroy her and Ailee. It has been decreed and nothing can save them. Look after my boys till I can send for them. I will soon do so, as I can easily earn money by my experience as a contractor or farmer, either of which are in great demand in this section. I shall change my name, wear

a disguise and commence the world anew. My new name will be Jackson—James Jackson—and I'll let you hear from me soon Remember that James Jackson is not a Mormon."

"I hope you mean, also, that Seth Conroy is no longer a Mormon."

"I do. My soul is filled with bitterness by the unchristian manner in which I am treated."

"That is the spirit of the Mormon Church, my dear friend, of which I've often told you, but you would not believe me. I am truly sorry you have an exemplification of it in your own person."

"It may have been necessary for my good, but oh, how terrible it is to bear!"

And the poor, wo-begone ex-Elder parted with his only friend in all the city. He left the city immediately after parting with him, going on foot in the direction of a village some forty miles east of Salt Lake. When the morning sun gilded the east he was still toiling wearily along, many miles out from the scene of his troubles.

Here we will leave him and return to the theatre of more stirring events in the city of the new religion.

Orville Hendrix was perfectly cool when he found himself a prisoner in the hands of the Danites. He well knew the universal hatred of the Elders toward him, and knew, also, that his doom was sealed if once they got him under lock and key. They were fast nearing the place from whence he had just led Ailee and her mother. He watched narrowly every chance to escape, keeping an eye on the burly ruffian by his side. Suddenly he sprang forward, knocked the man down, and fled away in the darkness so quickly they had no chance even to fire at him. In the confusion of the escape the women were, for a moment, neglected. When no one was looking in her direction Ailee stooped and picked up the pistol of the burly Danite whom her lover had knocked over, and placed it in her bosom. She and her mother, as well as Hendrix, had been disarmed as soon as captured. She expected she would not again be searched, and resolved to fight to the last moment rather than endure the tortures of the rack.

"Where is my pistol?" exclaimed the Danite, looking about on the ground in the clear starlight.

But it could not be found, and they all came to the conclusion that Hendrix had snatched it from his hand the moment he

struck him. They then resumed their march, heaping terrible imprecations on the head of the daring young attorney, vowing vengeance, etc.: all of which Ailee treasured up to remember when the time came for action.

Late as the hour was the Council of Elders was in session, that is a quorum was present, summoned by Elder Ligou, to consider the extraordinary situation of affairs. The two women were conducted into their presence again, and the blood-thirsty Danites dismissed. There were seven Elders present, who proceeded at once to condemn the mother to death on the wheel, as one whom the good of the community demanded her execution. But Ailee, the superb young heroine, they declared, should first witness the torturing of her mother, and then have her eyes burned out with red-hot irons. They also voted the confiscation of all the property belonging to Mrs. Abigail Conroy in the city.

"We are to die, then, are we?" demanded Ailee, in a clear, silvery tone of voice, confronting the little knot of men.

"You are to have your eyes burned out after witnessing your mother perish on the wheel," answered the president of the Council.

"I am of the opinion I will see somebody else die first!" she hissed, flashing the terrible seven-shooter in the gaslight. The entire Council sprang to their feet in the wildest terror.

Not one of them was armed!

"The first one that moves an inch shall die!" and the clear, ringing voice of the maiden told them she was in earnest. "There are just seven of you; I have seven bullets here in this trusty weapon. One of you must die, witnessed by the other six. The other six must then have their eyes torn out. Sauce for geese, gentlemen, sometimes suits the gander admirably. Is it necessary to have a decree of the Council of Elders to do it?"

"Yes!" gasped the President of the Council.

"Let's rush on them," said another, "she can't kill but—"

Bang! went the pistol, and the courageous Elder dropped to the floor a corpse.

"Let another hint at resistance and he dies!" hissed the determined maiden, her eyes flashing a baleful light. The surviving Elders dropped on their knees and begged for mercy.

"I will grant you mercy, because you are too contemptible to take up my time. A day of retribution is coming, though, when the last one of you will be punished for your crimes. Come,

mother, let's go and leave these wretches with their guilty consciences. Don't move till I give you permission."

So saying Ailee followed her mother to the door, passed out and locked it, taking the key with her. They then quickly descended to the street, and hurried away in the gloom of the night.

CHAPTER XVI.

As Orville Hendrix bounded off in the dark, after knocking down the burly Danite, he turned in the direction of the Tabernacle, in order to mislead pursuit, if indeed they intended to chase him. But they did not pursue him. Their numbers did not warrant a division of their strength. They had been too severely punished to risk further danger by scattering about the city.

Hendrix ran two or three squares and turned off to the right, going in the direction of the hotel, where he had left Henry and Thad Conroy. He intended to go there to rest and think. That the life of his beloved was in danger he well knew; but how to rescue her from the clutches of the inhuman fiends required deep thought, as well as stout hearts. He entered the hotel and sat down by the window of the front office, which he threw open to let the cool night air fan his heated face. As he sat there looking out into the starry vault of heaven, he heard light footsteps ascending the steps of the piazza in front of where he was sitting. He turned his eyes in that direction and beheld the two objects of his thoughts. With a bound he shot through the open window and clasped Ailee to his heart.

"Heaven be praised!" he exclaimed. "How did you get away from the fiends?"

"See this, Orville?" said Ailee, showing the pistol to her lover.

"Yes, I understand it all now. Oh, darling, what a sea of blood our love must sail through."

"Yes, Orville, but God is on our side. Such escapes as we have made to-night are nothing less than miracles."

"True, but I fear there are other dangers ahead of us. We must conceal ourselves till the army reaches the city. The Mormons have their blood up and will hunt us to the death."

"But where can we hide ourselves securely?"

"Some of our friends in the city will keep us concealed two or three days till we find other means. But you are both weary

and sleepy. Everybody in the hotel is asleep. Henry and Thad are in my room asleep. I will show you the room, so you and your mother can get some little sleep before morning. You must not strike a light though, for that might betray you. Come with me," and gallantly tendering his arm to Mrs. Conroy, and taking Ailee by the hand, he led them softly up stairs to his room.

"They are in there," he said, unlocking the door of his room and pushing it open. "Good night, darling."

Ailee turned and gave him a loving kiss, placing the pistol with which she had effected her last escape from the elders, in his hand.

"No, darling," he said, "keep it for your own protection. I have another at my office. You know how to handle it as well as the best. God bless you. Good night."

The young lover returned down stairs, and hurried away to his office to arm himself again. He reached it and found five of his friends awaiting him there, they wishing to hear from him before retiring for the night. Each had a story to tell, and all agreed that great trouble, if not serious disturbances, would grow out of the night's work.

"Poor Thurmond is dead," said Hendrix, sadly. "A braver man never lived than he. The fiends met us returning towards the hotel, and opened fire upon us without a moment's notice, and then rushed over us like a cavalry charge. The two ladies fought like old soldiers."

"What had we better do now?" asked one of the men in no little anxiety.

"Each of you go home to your families, keeping your arms about you all the time. I will return to the hotel and guard the ladies. We must find some place in which to secrete them till the military reaches the city, which will be two or three weeks, probably. I will have to change my disguise for a better one."

The brave spirits then parted just as the grey banners of light began to shoot up in the eastern sky. They had toiled and struggled through the whole night in behalf of the two women, who were still free from the clutches of their fiendish enemies.

The whole city was thrown into a fever of excitement the next day after the occurrences related in the foregoing chapters. The Elders circulated the report that armed bands of unbelievers had paraded the streets of the city, shooting down innocent Mormons wherever found, the seven or eight dead Mormons be-

ing displayed as evidence of the truth of the rumors. Later in the day Brigham Young issued a proclamation, offering a large reward for the capture of Orville Hendrix, Mrs. Abigail Conroy and her daughter Ailee, all three being charged with the crime of murder.

Orville Hendrix, thoroughly disguised so as to defy recognition, wandered about the city, listening to the excited talk of the fanatics. He even called on Brigham Young, and represented himself as a very expert detective from San Francisco, offering to capture the three parties named in his proclamation for a certain sum of money. The Prophet agreed, giving him a written agreement to that effect. He took leave of the Prophet, and paid Elder Ligou a visit. That lecherous old sinner was in the hands of a physician, having his cropped ear attended to. He awaited the Elder's leisure to talk with him. The Elder finally granted him an interview.

"My name is Beverly, a detective, from San Francisco, sir, and on my way overland to the East. Seeing the proclamation of the Prophet, I concluded to stop a while to show you all how we catch criminals on the coast, as well as pocket the reward offered for the parties. I called on the Prophet, and he gave me this," showing the Elder the written agreement signed by the head of the Church. "I now desire of you an accurate description of the man Hendrix, as well as the women."

The Elder then gave the disguised young lover a very good description of himself to his no little secret amusement. From him he branched off on the brave mother and intrepid daughter.

"The mother must suffer for her crimes," said the old sinner, "but the daughter belongs to me by right of revelation. The Prophet has promised to give her a full and free pardon on being sealed to me as my eighth wife."

"You want her returned unhurt, then, and in good order?" asked the bogus detective, smiling.

"If possible, yes."

"I will remember what you say, Elder, and will do all in my power to earn the reward offered."

"If you find any traces of them, Mr. Beverly, please let me know at once, will you?"

"Yes, if it does not interfere with my plans for their capture."

"That fellow Hendrix is a desperate character, and will resist to the last. If you can manage to put a quietus to him, you can call on me for extra pay."

"You want him out of the way, then?"

"Yes. He is dangerous to the cause of the Church here. You see how he has marked me here!" showing his bandaged ear to the bogus detective. Hendrix could scarcely suppress a smile of gratification that he had placed a distinctive mark on the lecherous old sinner for life. "He is the United States Attorney for this Territory, and has given us no little trouble by his officious interference with the Church management of this city."

"How came he mixed up in the present bloody feud, Elder?"

"It is a long story, sir, the gist of which is, he is in love with the daughter of Mrs. Conroy, Ailee by name, and undertook to help them resist the lawful authority of the Church. The result was a series of terrible murders, in which nearly ten men lost their lives."

"He must indeed be a terrible fellow. I'll not let him escape me alive if once I get my eyes on him. They say the young lady can handle a seven-shooter equal to the best man in the West. How about that?"

"There is some truth in it I guess, as she is credited with killing four men. She is a beautiful woman to be possessed of such a diabolical spirit."

"It is truly awful! I would like to see and talk with such a woman, for I greatly admire courage in woman."

"You would be sure to fall in love with her in less than twenty-four hours. She is one of the most fascinating young women of the age."

"I will guard against that. I believe I am proof against such temptations, having a wife of my own at home, who would not allow another woman to claim any of my attentions."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the Elder; "that is a relic of barbarism, that confining a man to one wife. We live very different here, where a man can have as many wives as he can maintain."

"That may be all very fine for the men, but do you allow the women the same privilege—one woman to have as many husbands as she can maintain?"

"Well, no. I never heard of a woman wanting more than one husband," and the Elder seemed rather disconcerted by the very pointed question of the California detective.

"I find that one woman is about as much as I can manage. I don't exactly see how you can manage to attend to your seven wives."

"Oh, that is a very easy matter. I let them do just as they please in my absence, and they sometimes have terrible fights among themselves, but they are always pleasant and smiling when I visit them. I stay with Martha to-night. She is pleased and happy. To-morrow night I visit Lucy. She is all sugar and cream, and so on to the seventh. To be with one wife all the time, one becomes wearied with the monotonous life."

"But with a wife we love it never becomes monotonous," said the detective.

"That may be true, but at the same time you are not doing God service. The Mormon religion forces a man to perform his whole duty towards his fellow-man."

"It appears to me you all seem to be after the fellow-*women* instead of men."

The Elder laughed, remarking:

"You are an unbeliever, I see, and misconstrue our motives. Time will prove who is right."

"Yes, it is but a question of time. Time will do many wonderful things we wot not of. I am a great believer in the handiwork of old Father Time. I will bid you good morning, Elder."

"Good morning, Mr. Beverly. I wish you speedy success in your undertaking. Better keep an eye on the young woman, if you take her prisoner, for when you least expect it she'll whip out a six-shooter and blow your brains out."

"Ha, ha, ha, Elder!" laughed the sham detective, heartily. "I only wish I was as sure of keeping my brains till she knocked them out, as I am of being able to find her," and the young man left the Elder's presence, satisfied in his mind that himself and the two noble women were doomed to death if once the bloodthirsty Mormons got them in their power.

CHAPTER XVII.

On entering the room of the young attorney at the hotel, Mrs. Conroy found her two sons, Henry and Thaddeus, fast asleep. She instantly ran forward to the bed, with the yearning, maternal love beaming in her face, and pressed them to her heart. They awoke with a start, and fell upon her neck, weeping tears of joy. Ailee came in for her share of endearing caresses.

"How did you get here, mother?" asked Henry, the eldest of the two brothers.

"Mr. Hendrix brought us here after we made our escape," replied Mrs. Conroy, making an effort to appear calm, so as not to alarm the two boys. "We must remain here in this room till we can all leave the city."

"Where is father gone, mother?"

"I don't know. He has probably left the city, as we will have to do, as soon as we can do so undiscovered. Be sure you let no one know we are here, my children, for we must remain concealed till Mr. Hendrix can arrange for us to leave."

They then took off one of the mattresses from the bed and made an excellent sleeping place on the floor, leaving the two boys where they found them. Morning found them all greatly refreshed, and ready to receive Hendrix when he came up to see them. He came, bringing with him another pistol in the place of the one Mrs. Conroy had lost. Ailee threw herself in his arms, kissing him before her mother and brothers with all the impulsive fervidness of her young loving heart.

"Darling!" he said to his beloved, holding her to his heart; "I will visit among the Elders to-day and ascertain the feeling on the occurrences of last night. I am of the opinion that we will all have to leave the city till the military arrives. I will get disguises for both as soon as I can."

"But will you not be exposed to great danger in doing that?" she asked, thinking only of the danger threatening him.

"My disguise will be sufficient protection, I think. I have no fears whatever on that score. Breakfast will be sent up to you

soon. Please be careful not to go too near the windows, nor under any circumstances go outside the door. I will return as soon as I can."

Hendrix took leave of them, going, as the reader already knows, amongst the Elders in the character of a California detective. After learning all he could, he proceeded to procure proper disguises for Ailee and her mother. For his *fiancee* he obtained a suit of boy's clothing, and for her mother a proper paraphernalia with which to transform herself into a very aged woman. With these he hastened back to the hotel and gave them to the two ladies.

"Better don them as soon as possible," he said, "as the whole Mormon population is in a fever of indicitive excitement. This hotel being known as my place of residence, will be searched to-night, probably by an armed band of Danites. Does Henry know how to handle a pistol?"

"Yes, I do!" interrupted the lad promptly, "and if I had one I'd not let them trouble mother or sister without somebody being badly hurt."

"Spoken like a man," said Hendrix. "You shall have a revolver inside of an hour's time," and leaving the room to let the women don their disguises, he wended his way to his office. There he met several very suspicious characters who inquired for "Mr. Hendrix."

"Mr. Hendrix has left the city, gentlemen," blandly replied the daring young man, "but has left his office in my hands. What can I do for you in his absence?"

"Left the city, eh?" growled one of the men, sneeringly "How long will he be gone, pray?"

"Will he ever come back again, do you think?" asked a second, ere the first question could be answered.

"Yes. He will return with the army under Johnston; so he said. He has friends amongst the officers, I believe, and was anxious to see them."

"When did he leave the city?"

"Some time before daylight, I believe."

"You say you have charge of his office and papers during his absence?"

"He took all his papers with him, leaving me only his office and such new business as may be presented before his return," he answered innocently as a lamb.

The three men consulted together a moment to one side.

Hendrix watched them furtively from under the brim of his slouch hat, and kept his right hand near the handle of his "Colt's Navy," for any sudden emergency that might arise. The spokesman of the little party then advanced towards him with:

"We must search the papers of this office, sir."

"For what purpose?"

"For certain papers of indictment against certain prominent men of Salt Lake City."

"Have you authority to search the attorney's office?"

"No; we do it on our own responsibility, and don't wish any other."

"But don't you know I cannot permit such a thing? Suppose certain papers are taken from the office? I will be held responsible for them."

"What care we for that?" growled the man, growing bold under the quiet demeanor of the young stranger. "Hand out the keys."

"Hendrix made a motion as if to get the keys; but instead, he drew out his seven-shooter, cocked and pointed it at the man's head, hissing, savagely:

"Dare to move a finger, either of you, and you'll see how quick a man can get into h—l! You hired murderers and assassins! You wish to destroy evidence against your crime-stained Elders and rebellious Prophet, but you'll find that some of them will hang higher than Haman. Now leave this office, holding your hands above your heads, or I'll perforate your miserable carcasses through and through. Get out!"

The three men, white with fear and trembling, lifted their hands above their heads and marched down the stairs that led to the street. They dared not look back or lower their hands till they were a respectable distance from the office of the young attorney.

"By George!" exclaimed Hendrix; "this is getting warm. Those fellows fully meant to murder me, only they didn't see through my disguise. I'm glad my papers are in a safe place. Hanged if I don't believe I can stay here with less danger than if we were to leave the city. They'll send out parties of Danites and murder any travellers they catch up with. But Ailee and her family must leave the hotel as soon as possible. The presence of those boys may cause the disguises of their mother and sister to be suspected. I'll go at once and see Lyons, and ascertain if he will take them in his house."

Two hours later Orville Hendrix returned to the hotel and knocked a certain number of raps on the door of his room. Ailee opened it. As their eyes met the young lady blushed scarlet. She was dressed in boy's suit, and looked like as pretty a youth as ever trimmed a moustache.

As the eyes of her lover scanned her voluptuous proportions so luxuriantly displayed, she turned and hid her face in her mother's bosom.

"Oh, that won't do, Ailee!" laughingly chided her brother Henry, who had been teaching her for an hour how boys carried their hands when walking.

"No, it won't, darling," and the affectionate lover took her away from her mother and waltzed around the room two or three times with her. "You must try to look as brave as you really are, and never blush at anything. Remember, you are a man now."

"Oh, pshaw! Orville. I can't look like a man to save my life. Just look at all this hair."

"The prettiest hair in the world, and just what I want to make a watch chain of, and some curls for you. Give me a pair of scissors, Mrs. Conroy, and we'll have a little man here in less than five minutes."

"Oh, mercy, Orville!" shrieked the reluctant Ailee. "Are you going to cut it off!"

"You could never pass muster with all that mass of silken tresses on your head. Don't be uneasy, for I'll keep every strand of hair till better days come again."

"I have no scissors here," Mr. Hendrix," said Mrs. Conroy, a moment after. "I've lost the pair I usually carry in my dress pocket."

"I'll run down stairs and borrow a pair," and ere Ailee could utter an objection her faithful lover was bounding down the stairs to see the wife of the landlord. He soon returned with a pair of shears.

"Now bare your neck to the executioner!" he cried, gallantly flourishing them above his head. All joined in the laugh as the brave young maiden gathered the magnificent tresses for the ruthless shears. Hendrix cut them off, laying them on the bureau before her. The change in her appearance was truly wonderful. The boys roared with merriment, while the mother could not repress a smile at her odd appearance. Ailee glanced

at her reflection in the mirror, blushed crimson again, and turning to her lover, said:

"This is all your work, Orville; so if my boyish appearance should drive away your love from me, remember it was no fault of mine."

"My love would be yours still, Ailee, even were you to become utterly baldheaded. You certainly look as though you might be three-score-and-ten years of age, Miss Conroy. Your disguise will never be suspected. And now let me tell you what I've done: I've been to see James Lyons, an intimate friend of mine, a native of New York, and well-to-do in the world. He has a large house and a small family, and is willing to receive you all till the military arrives, which will be within three weeks at the farthest. I think we had better go there, as the impression is abroad in the city that we have fled to the country. Parties of Danites are out scouring the country in every direction. It will, therefore, be much more safe to remain here. What do you think of it, Mrs. Conroy?"

"I hardly know, but it seems to me your plan is the more reasonable. We can try it, and if it gets out that we are still in the city, we can purchase horses and leave, can we not?"

"Certainly. Nothing would be easier."

"Then we had better try concealment awhile. But how will we reach the house?"

"You know the house, Ailee?'

"Yes. It is on Deseret street—a large two-story white frame house."

"That's it, with a large flower garden in front of it."

"Oh, I know where it is!" said Thad, the younger of the two brothers.

"Then we can all reach it with the greatest ease imaginable. Let Henry and Thad go first. By the time they are there Ailee will conduct her grandmother there and—"

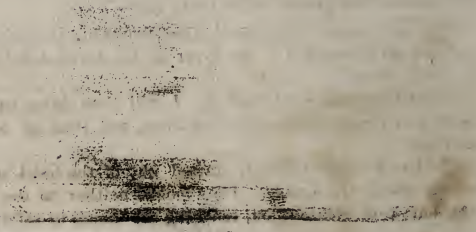
"Oh, you rascal!" exclaimed Ailee, laughing immoderately at the comical expression of her lover as he drawled out the word "grandmother."

"That's the way we'll work it. I will then bring up the rear to see you are all safely domiciled there, and then go about my business."

The two boys then quietly started out of the hotel, unnoticed by any one on the streets. They looked neither to the right or left, but kept straight on, reaching the house in safety. They

reported to Mrs. Lyons, who immediately sent them to a large, well-furnished room up stairs.

Ten minutes later Ailee and her mother started. They appeared to be a youth and an aged lady, as the mother leaned heavily on the daughter's arm. When they were a square away Hendrix, disguised as Beverly, the detective, started out to keep them in sight.



CHAPTER XVIII.

As night once more closed over the licentious city the vindictive Elders set the Danites to work hunting for those engaged in the disturbances of the night before. Their first objective point was the hotel at which Orville Hendrix had been boarding ever since he first landed in the city. A score or more rushed into the hotel, brandishing pistols and bowie-knives, to the great terror of the inmates. The leader seized the clerk of the hotel and demanded to know where Hendrix was.

"He left here this morning, sir," answered the trembling clerk.

"Which way did he go?"

"I don't know—said he was going East."

"You unbelieving dog!" hissed the assassin, releasing his hold on the youth, "if you are lying, you will wish you had never been born. Show us the room which he had here."

The clerk led them up the stairs to the room vacated by our hero that forenoon. Everything indicated a hasty departure of the occupant. The real fact is, Hendrix had merely removed his effects into another room, and was calmly enjoying a smoke when the Danites entered the room which he had formerly occupied.

From the hotel they went to the houses of several well-known anti-Mormon citizens, and insisted on searching the premises. Many submitted quietly on account of superior numbers, and the desperate character of the hired assassins of the Church; others, full of the indomitable spirit of American independence, refused to submit tamely to the outrage, and were savagely murdered by the fiends. It seemed as if the city was on the eve of witnessing a regular St. Bartholomew Massacre, so anxiously and zealously did those bloodthirsty demons seek for pretexts to take life.

When the sun of the next day rose there were upwards of a dozen gory corpses in different portions of the city. They had wreaked a species of Indian revenge on the innocent citizens of

the city who did not bend the knee to Baal. An Indian is not particular whether he gets the scalp of the man who incurs his displeasure; any other white man's will do to soothe his savage breast. So it seemed to be with the Mormons. The blood of anti-believers was "balm of Gilead" to them, no matter if they were innocent of having shed the precious blood of the Saints. The news spread throughout the city like wildfire, and a wailing prayer for vengeance went up from a thousand saddened, sorrowing hearts. None wept more bitter tears than Ailee Conroy, the innocent cause of all this holocaust of death. She prayed fervently for the speedy arrival of the army, knowing well the safety of all the anti-Mormon population depended on it. Because she had refused to wed another she did not love, and he already a married man, blood was made to flow like water—the blood of innocence at that. All through the long summer day both sides—Mormon and anti-Mormon—were busy arming for the worst. In the house of James Lyons were assembled the head of the family, two hired laborers and a youth, the son of one of the workmen, all of whom were well armed; also Orville Hendrix, Mrs. Conroy, Ailee and Henry, who were armed and able to handle weapons, making eight in all. Mrs. Lyons, with an infant at the breast, was not allowed to even anticipate a brush with the wretches, much less to arm and take active part in the troubles impending.

Night closed in with an ominous gloom over the whole city; such was the character of the Danites, that people looked for other and greater atrocities to be perpetrated ere the coming of another day. Orville Hendrix and one of the workingmen in Mr. Lyons' employ were arranging to divide the watches of the night between them, when a loud knocking at the door startled them.

Mr. Lyons quietly advanced and opened the door. A dozen armed men stood there.

"Good evening, gentlemen," he said, blandly; "what can I do for you?"

"Nothing," replied the leader of the men gruffly. "We'll do it ourselves, I reckon. '

"What will you do?"

"Search the house for Mrs. Conroy and her family."

"Have you a warrant to search my house, gentlemen? This is a free country, you know, where the law protects every—"

"Yes," interrupted the leader. "We've got warrant enough.

The Council of Elders sent us to search every house in the city. We have been told by one who knows that the persons we are hunting for are in your house."

"The Council of Elders have no authority in this city nor in any portion of the Territory of the United States. When you bring me an order to search my house from the legal authorities, I will throw open every door in my house to you; otherwise you will pardon me if I refuse to permit you to enter with any such unlawf l intentions."

The party of fiends made no reply to this firm, candid refusal of the host to allow the indignity sought to be put upon him, but rushed pell-mell into the house, knocking down the host himself, and crowding into the front room, yelling like so many demons. To their dismay they were met with a volley of pistol shots that stretched four of their number dead on the floor. They hurriedly retreated to the yard in front of the house, and opened an indiscriminate fire on the door and windows.

"The women and children have no chance in this fight," said Hendrix to the three women. "All of you go into the other room and lie flat upon the floor till we drive them off."

Mrs. Conroy, more composed than the others, took Mrs. Lyons' babe in her arms and led the way into another room, followed by the other two women and children. They all threw themselves prone on the floor, and listened to the firing. Hendrix and the other four then commenced returning the fire of the assailants and soon compelled them to retire out of range. But the cessation of firing was of short duration. They returned with reinforcements, some twenty or thirty in number, and invested the house on all sides. Summons to surrender was answered by a volley that killed two of the besiegers. This exasperated the fiends to the wildest pitch of fury, and soon the two rear corners of the elegant mansion were in flames. On di-covering that fact the women were thrown into the greatest consternation. The dry timber of the frame house burned like straw, and the red flames devoured them with consuming greediness.

"What shall we do now?" asked Mr. Lyons of the young attorney, calm and co lected amidst the utter ruin and destruction of everything around him.

"We'll have to vacate the house and fight them on the street," replied the c auntless young hero.

"Which is almost certain death," added one of the workingmen.

"Not more so than to remain where we are."

"Then let's go out," said Lyons.

"All of you have your hands on your pistols," said Hendrix. "I will make them believe we surrender, and when we are all together in their midst, at a signal of 'ready' each must draw and shoot down the one nearest to him or her, and then scatter, running anywhere to escape them. Before morning we can all meet at my office."

Hendrix then made a signal of surrender by waving his handkerchief out of the window. The Danites set up a triumphant shouting and ceased firing.

The little party of five men, with the three women and two boys, marched out into the yard. They were instantly surrounded by the besiegers, while a dozen more plunged into the burning house to plunder its contents.

"Ready!" cried Hendrix in a stern voice, and instantly seven pistols, fired as if they were but one gun, and seven Danites rolled in the dust. A second volley was fired, when the others fled, leaving our heroes and heroines in possession of the front yard.

"Away with you!" cried Hendrix, snatching Mrs. Lyons' babe in his arms, and darting away down the street. Ailee started to follow after him, but turned back to go with her mother. She looked around in anxious search, but could see her beloved parent nowhere. She became bewildered between love and duty—love for her lover, fast speeding away from her sight, and duty to her beloved parent. Her hesitation caused her capture, for those who had rushed into the house for plunder, hearing the firing in the yard, came pouring out to the assistance of their companions. Of all their prisoners only a youth of apparently sixteen years was in sight. This was Ailee Conroy. Failing to find her mother, and seeing the fiends rushing towards her, she turned and fled away with the speed of an antelope, with the howling pack at her heels. The chase was a short one, for the Danites were fleeter of foot than she, and before she had gone two squares she felt a rough grasp on her shoulder. But it was soon released as her never-failing revolver sent a bullet whizzing through his brain. But why continue the blood-curdling recital of the bloody events of that ever-to-be-remembered night of the third of August? Ailee Conroy, alone and undaunted, stopped still in her tracks and fired her last shot at her foes. They rushed onward, and she was borne to the earth by a terri-

ble blow. When she recovered consciousness she was bound hand and foot, surrounded by savage ruffians, who, having discovered her sex, were jeering at her in the most obscene manner imaginable.

CHAPTER XIX.

Bound hand and foot, a helpless prisoner in the hands of her relentless enemies, Ailee Conroy was borne past the burning dwelling of the hospitable family who had thus lost all in her defence. The inhuman wretches had disarmed her, and now feeling secure from danger heaped every conceivable insult upon her. In their wild enthusiasm at having captured her with arms in hand they marched their prisoner to the mansion of the Prophet. Brigham was presiding at an informal meeting of Elders, who had assembled in his house as much for the protection of his name and presence as for any business that might demand their attention. When it was announced that Ailee Conroy, the intrepid young maiden, who had so boldly defied the whole Mormon Church in Council, was a prisoner at the door of the Prophet's house, it was ordered that she be brought into their presence. She was brought in and deposited on the floor.

"Is she armed?" asked the Prophet.

"No. She has been well searched, and everything taken from her," respectfully answered the savage brute in charge.

"Then take those bonds from her limbs," commanded the Prophet.

The cords were cut, and the heroic young maiden stood up in the presence of her enemies, a regal beauty, save but for a mark or bruise on the left side of her brow, received in the fight on the street. The clothes she wore displayed a far more graceful form than any harem in that licentious city could boast of. The Prophet and all the Elders glared at her exqusitely graceful motions, her bright flashing eyes and heaving bosom, and for the moment forgot the enemy in the beauty of the woman.

"Well," she spoke boldly and unfalteringly, "what have you base wretches to say to me?"

"Young woman," said the Prophet, calmly, "It is more becoming in you to be silent in the presence of the Saints, and speak only when spoken to."

"Show me a Saint and I will bend the knee to him in silent adoration," was the answering retort of the high-souled maiden.

"These are Saints," pointing to the Elders around him, "and I am head of the Church of Mormon."

"Saints indeed!" sneered Ailee, her beautiful face assuming a phase of supreme contempt. "Each and every one of you are guilty of crimes against the laws of your country and your God. Your own consciences tell you so, and guilt is written on your faces; yet you dare look me in the face and call yourselves Saints. You, sir," turning to the Prophet, "call yourself the head of the Church of Mormon. So you are, and so I acknowledge; but you are no more a Saint, or a member of the true Church of God than I am a disembodied angel in Heaven. I know it, and you know it, sir. To you your position is worth thousands of dollars each year, drawn from the poor deluded fools—"

"Silence! you blaspheming, rebellious woman!" roared Brigham Young, white with rage at the terrible truths she was hurling at him and his schemes.

"Silence! *You* tell me to be silent—base, crawling, canting, hypocritical worm! Rather fall on your knees and beg pardon of one who dares tell you the truth to your face. You are a base, scheming wretch, who gets up revelations under which to cloak your villany; and all the other little dogs in the kennel imitate you. Old, dried up Ligou there," pointing to the Elder on the right, "with the dog mark on his ear, claims to have a revelation that commanded me to be his eighth wife. The judgment of Heaven will come upon ye all, ye impious, blaspheming wretches, who perform such iniquities in the name of high Heaven. May the direst curse God ever inflicted on the wicked of earth be yours for the innocent blood you have shed! Now do your worst, cowards; I fear you not."

To say Brigham and the Elders were astonisbed, would be but a mild expression. They were conscience-stricken, and for a time shrank from the fiery glances of the intrepid maiden. Brigham Young, who had been exacting all the ceremonious deference paid to kings and nobles from all his deluded followers, was thunderstruck and covered with confusion in the presence of his Elders. The Elders expected to see him hurl his anathemas at her in thunder tones, but were disappointed. His thunder, he well knew, was only effective when hurled at the trembling ignorance of his followers. She would have pitched

in a few thunderbolts that would have shown a beaten Prophet in the presence of the promulgators of his oracles. Therefore the wily schemer wisely ordered the Danites to seize her again and follow him out of the room. They did so, she making no resistance whatever.

She was carried along a dark corridor some distance. The rattling of keys in a lock told her she was at her prison door. The door swung open, and she was rudely pushed in and the door closed.

CHAPTER XX.

Amid the glare of the burning building and the excitement immediately following the sudden and unexpected firing, Orville Hendrix and the balance of the prisoners succeeded in making good their escape. Mrs. Conroy darted away and hid under the stoop of the nearest house, which occasioned Ailee's confusion consequent upon not finding her. She failed to see the final capture of her daughter, as the entire party went in pursuit, giving her a chance to make her escape in an opposite direction, which she did.

The little party met at Hendrix's office, all unhurt, save a scratch from a bullet on the left arm of young Hendrix. Mrs. Lyons was quite faint from excitement and the fast running. Mr. Lyons was anxious to place his family in a secure place, assemble his personal friends, attack the Prophet's house, take him prisoner, and hold him a prisoner till the arrival of the army, threatening to kill him if the Danites committed another outrage

"Which would insure the destruction of every anti-Mormon house and family in the city," answered Hendrix, shaking his head. "Their blood is up now, and it would only make the matter worse. There are so many Elders aspiring to stand in his shoes, that the whole city would be torn by contending factions, and its entire destruction would be the probable result. No, place your family at the hotel where I stay, and disguise yourself as I am, and take your chances till the army arrives. But why don't Ailee come in? Has any one seen her since we left the burning house?"

"Yes, I have," responded Mrs. Conroy. "The last I saw of her she was running down the street with the whole pack of fiends after her."

"My God! She may have been killed or fallen into their hands!" exclaimed Hendrix, with a look of pain on his face.

"I hope not," said her mother, calmly, "but don't know what to think of her absence. God alone can save us from our enemies."

"Yes," added Mrs. Lyons, a sincere Christian wife and mother, "we must put our trust in Him. We are helpless."

"Come with me, and we will all go to the hotel, where you will be free from molestation," and the little party followed the young attorney to the hotel, where the women and children were soon stowed away in a comfortable room together. The men then returned to the street to search for Ailee.

"One of you go to my office and remain there till the rest of us return. She may turn up there in our absence, and not know where to go. We will go back along the route we came, and see if we can hear anything of her."

One of the employes of Mr. Lyons returned to the young lawyer's office to await the coming of either the young girl or her lover. Hendrix and the others then retraced their steps along the streets through which they had retreated from the burning building. The street was entirely deserted, save by a few corpses near the smouldering ruins of the house. The inhuman wretches had not yet returned to look after their dead. The owner of the once beautiful home stood over the ruins and heaped bitter curses on the heads of the ruthless spoilers. The reward of patient industry for years was swept away in an hour. Hendrix did not remain a silent sympathiser, but uttered words of cheer and promise.

"Here comes some more of the devils!" whispered the hired man to his employer. Hendrix turned and saw four men, whom he at once recognized as Danites, coming towards the spot. He waited till they were within ten feet of him, when he gave the signal, and three of them bit the dust. The Danites mistook them for part of their own force, and did not suspect any danger till the fatal volley was fired. The fourth man turned and fled with all his speed, but an avenging Nemesis was after him. Hendrix bounded off in pursuit, capturing him ere he had gone a hundred yards.

"Give up your weapons, sir, or die where you are!" was the stern command of the young man. The ruffian let his pistol fall to the ground, and was then marched back to the smoking ruins of Lyons' house.

"Now tell me, sir, where the young lady is who was carried away prisoner an hour ago?"

"The one in men's clothes?"

"Yes, Miss Conroy."

"She was taken to the house of the Prophet."

"For what purpose?"

"The Council of Elders were there, and it was to take her before them, I suppose."

"What have they done with her?"

"Nothing. She angered the Prophet so much he locked her in one of the rooms in his house, saying he would take care of her and be responsible for her conversion to the Church."

"Ah! that's the game, eh? spreading the faith by fire and sword, as did Mohamet of old. By the Lord Harry! the time is coming when the fire and sword will cut off the imps of hell without so much as an hour's notice. Do you know that you will be hung for murder as soon as the army arrives?"

"No. The Prophet and the Council of Elders will take care of us. The army is only three thousand strong, while we can muster five thousand."

"Fool!" hissed Hendrix, "do you suppose three thousand troops are all the force the United States can raise? You deserve to be hung for a fool, for a greater one never lived. Why have you burned down this house?"

"Because the family in it killed the servants of the Church."

"Have no one any rights but the servants of the Church?"

"Not when the Elders say so."

"Do you pretend to be a sane man?"

"I do."

"Are you responsible for your actions?"

"I am."

"Then by the Lord Harry you shall die by the light of these ruins. Give him your knife, Lyons, and let him defend himself. If I fall let him go in peace. Now, you assassin of innocent people, defend yourself."

The man, utterly astounded, mechanically took the knife, turning deathly pale as he did so.

"Think of the innocent victims you have murdered without giving them a chance for their lives, you dastardly imp of hell!" hissed Hendrix, preparing to advance on the wretch. The man bounded back out of reach of the gleaming bowie. "If you run you will be shot down like the cowardly dog you are!" called out the indomitable young avenger of innocent blood. "Defend yourself, or be cut down in your tracks!"

Thus pushed and cornered, the hireling of the Mormon leaders was compelled to fight for his life. He was more skilled in cruelty than in the art of self-defence, and was but a poor match

for the scientific fencer and sparrer opposed to him. Inch by inch he was pushed back towards the surrounding embers, till he found himself compelled to choose death by fire or steel. It was death either way, and the wretch, in a frenzy of desperation, rushed forward to close with the wily foe, hoping by superior brute strength to overpower him. But it was his last dash for life. The bright bladed bowie in Hendrix's hand glittered for a moment in the light from the burning house, and was then buried to the hilt in the murderer's heart.

CHAPTER XXI.

Let us now return to Ailee Conroy, in the mansion of Brigham Young, the Prophet.

When she was thrust into the room in the dark, she knew not where she was, but surmised from the circumstances surrounding her that she was locked up for the night at least. And she was. The darkness of the room was intense. She imagined she could almost reach out her hand and feel it.

But what was she to do? She stood there till the sound of the retreating footsteps died away, and then commenced making investigations. With her hand on the wall she guided herself around the room till she struck a bed. She also discovered that the floor was carpeted, and that a table and chairs were part of the furniture of the apartment. Examining the bed again, she came to the conclusion it was a nice one—better than the one she occupied the night before—and therefore not to be ignored in her present exhausted condition.

"I will try to sleep," she whispered to herself, "and recuperate for the ordeal through which I know I must pass to-morrow, or even before daylight. Thank God he and mother have escaped their clutches. I'm not afraid to die, and I don't intend to be frightened at anything they can do. My death would grieve dear Orville and mother so much, is the only thing that would make me care to live."

So saying and thinking, she threw herself on the soft, downy bed, and was soon in the land of dreams.

When she awoke the sun was shining into the room through a high window. She sat bolt upright on the bed and gazed around the room in mute surprise. It was nicely—elegantly furnished, with richly carved furniture, lace curtains, Brussels carpet, wardrobe, bureau and wash-stand.

"This is an improvement on prison No. 1," she said, smiling, as she leaped off the bed, "and I will try to be in corresponding keeping with it. Here's water, soap, combs and towels, thanks to somebody who pretends to be a Saint, probably."

The fair prisoner proceeded to bathe her face and hands in the water she found in the pitcher on the wash-stand, and in a few minutes she declared herself ready to "receive company." The nicely fitting masculine suit she had on caused her cheeks to mantle with crimson blushes as she surveyed her glorious form in the large mirror.

"It can't be helped just now," she apologized to herself, as she turned away from the glass. "I will not forget I am a lady though," and seated herself on a chair near the centre table, on which were several books. She took up one which turned out to be the "Book of Mormon." She laid it down and took up another, which likewise treated of Mormonism.

"There is nothing here for either the mind or soul," she said, with a sigh. "I wonder if they will supply anything for the stomach."

She had scarcely uttered the remark ere she heard approaching footsteps. She listened. They came nearer and nearer and halted at her door. A key grated in the lock and the door swung open. A young female entered with a tray on which a warm, delicious breakfast was steaming. A smile brightened the prisoner's face, for the gnawings of hunger had begun to be an unpleasant reminder of the fiery ordeals through which she had passed.

"I am so much obliged to you," she could not help saying to the young woman who had brought the tray, "for this nice breakfast, for I am very hungry. Who sent it?"

"The Prophet sent it with his blessing," replied the woman, with a courtesy.

"With his blessing?" and Ailee Conroy looked annoyed, as she held the cup of fragrant coffee in her hand. "What new piece of deviltry is he up to now, I wonder?"

"Oh, how you do talk!" exclaimed the white-aproned young woman, placing her hands over her ears as if she would shut out the uncomplimentary allusion to the Prophet. "You must not talk so of the head of the church!"

"Poor silly thing!" commiserated Ailee, a smile of pity on her fresh young face. "You, too, are one of the foolish, I see. I feel sorry for you from the bottom of my soul. This is a real nice breakfast, though, if it was cooked by infidels."

"Oh, mercy!" exclaimed the young woman, a look of fright on her face. "Why do you talk so? You will be ruined and lost forever. The Saints are holy men without sin."

"On the contrary, my poor deluded friend, they are the worst sinners in the world. They are all guilty of crimes, for which the government is sending an army to punish them. They are hypocrites, murderers, thieves and—"

With a little feminine shriek the young woman stopped her ears, declaring she could not listen to such sacrilegious talk.

"Very well, then," laughed Ailee, "just wait till I finish my breakfast and then you may go; but don't tell me that men who go about shooting other people and burning down their houses are saints and holy men. They are saints of the Devil, and the Devil will get the last one of them. The Prophet himself will be punished for bigamy and hung for murder as soon as the army arrives."

The woman stood aghast at the bold language of the young girl. She was one of the favorite wives of the Prophet, and believed with all her soul in him and his religion. She doubted not the justice of anything he did or said, for, strange to say, *she loved him.*

She stood silently by and waited till the prisoner had finished eating her breakfast, and then took away the tray and dishes, leaving the young girl alone again. But she did not long remain so. She heard heavy footsteps along the corridor; keys rattled in the lock, the door opened and Brigham Young, the Prophet, entered the room with the quiet dignified air of a "master of the situation" about him.

CHAPTER XXII.

"Good morning, daughter," greeted the Prophet, on entering the room and relocking the door.

"Is it a 'good morning,' sir? I haven't been out yet to see," saucily replied the young maiden, still retaining her seat near the little centre-table.

"It is your fault you are not as free as the air, my daughter," said the head of the Church, seating himself on the opposite side of the little table.

"You came in to talk with me, did you not, Mr. Young?"

"Yes; for your own good and the good of your family."

"There cannot be much good to come out of it, for you've commenced with a falsehood, sir."

"A falsehood!" exclaimed the old man, his heavy face reddening. "What do you mean?"

"I mean it is a lie when you say the fault is mine I am not free, for I've fought your murderers two days and nights for my freedom."

"You should curb your temper, my daughter, and not use such bold language as you do."

"The truth is always bold, sir, and I am not afraid to utter it in the plainest terms I know. I *know* what *you* are as well as you do yourself, so there is no need of assuming before me anything but your own proper colors, Mr. Young. Deal with me outside of your sheep's clothing."

"Well, well, well!" laughed the prophet, throwing himself back in his chair. "You are certainly the sauciest, gamest little piece of divinity I ever met with! I don't blame your many lovers for wishing you their own. I'd like to make a rib out of you myself. You could reign queen of all my establishment."

"I am not particularly anxious to marry, but when I do marry I will be the only wife of my husband. I will be sure not to marry an adulterer and bigamist, in violation of the laws of my country."

The Prophet winced at this home thrust; but he was like a turtle, each blow falling harmless on his mail-clad conscience.

"That will do very well for sentiment and romance," he replied, "but let's come down to plain facts, my dear child, and see what can be done with your case. You have killed several of the members of the Mormon Church, for which the Council of Elders demand your death. I placed you in here last night to save you from their vengeance on the spot."

"I am not afraid to die, sir," interrupted she.

"No doubt of it. I don't believe you are afraid of anything or anybody. I admire your courage, but not your judgment. It is not good judgment to throw one's life away when they can have so many long years of happiness and usefulness on earth. You are young and beautiful and well calculated to make a husband happy. To throw yourself away by an ignominous death on account of your hatred of the Mormon Church would be an unpardonable sin. I would save you from such a fate; but there is only one way in which I can do it."

"What is that?"

"By your becoming my wife, and—"

"Ha! ha! ha!" and the silvery interruption caused Brigham to frown in spite of himself. "Why, Mr. Young, how many wives have you already?"

"Not more than I can support in comfort and ease, as well as make happy," replied he with a good deal of self-complacency.

"But how many have you?"

"Eighteen."

"Ah, you old Turk! And you really want another wife! God pity those who suffer neglect when the last new wife comes. Now I suppose I could count on your devotion just about three months, after which you would want a new wife, and I would be left alone to amuse myself as best I could."

"You are mistaken. I never neglect any of my wives."

"Would you allow one of your wives to have three or four husbands?"

"No. The Church does not allow a plurality of husbands."

"It does make a difference whose ox is gored, don't it?" and the quizzical smile that played around the mouth of Ailee Conroy, nettled the wily old reprobate almost beyond endurance. He made a desperate effort to appear calm and indifident to her taunts and hits.

"You are too young yet, my child, to understand such things, much less discuss them."

"Too young! Why I can take your infidel "Book of Mormon," the Holy Bible—the only true word of God—and the laws of your country, and by either, or all of them, condemn you, not only to punishment on earth, but eternal torment hereafter."

"That comes from the impulsiveness of youth," replied Brigham. "When you are older and have given more thought and study to the Church, you will think differently."

"Perhaps I may, but it is not at all probable."

"Then you will not consent to become my wife?"

"No, sir."

"Not to save yourself from death on the wheel?"

"No, sir!"

"You know not what you do. I will give you time for reflection," and the old man arose and left the room, locking the door after him.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Scarcely had the Prophet's footsteps died away in the corridor ere the prisoner heard a key in the lock again. The door opened and a pretty, smiling young lady entered the room.

"May I come in?" she asked, with an air of timidity.

"Yes, come in. I'm glad to see you. That horrid old sinner who has just left me nearly bored me to death with long face and dry talk. Why, do you think the old rascal didn't try to make me believe he is a saint!"

"Oh, mercy! Didn't you know that was the Prophet?" asked the visitor in the greatest surprise.

"I knew it was Mr. Young, and that he pretends to be a prophet, but he can't fool me with such wicked pretensions. I have more sense than to believe such stuff,'

"He is the head of the Church of Mormonism!"

"So the devil could be if elected. But he has nothing to do with the Church of God. Come, sit down here and tell me the news. My name is Ailee Conroy. What is your name?"

"My name is Lucy Young."

"Oh, you're one of Mr. Young's wives, are you?"

"Yes;" but the admission was coupled with a blush.

"I am sorry to hear that."

"Why?"

"Because, by the laws of this country you are not a married woman, unless you are his first wife."

The woman turned deathly pale a moment. Then a new thought seemed to send a gleam of light across her mind.

"Oh!" she smiled as she spoke, "you are an unbeliever."

"Exactly. I have better sense than to believe in either the Prophet or his religion. But let us talk of other things. How long have you been married to the Prophet?"

"Two years and three months."

"Are you happy as his wife?"

A slight shade of sadness stole over the rather prepossessing face of the young matron, as she answered:

"I don't know. I am very well satisfied, having everything I want, and the privilege of doing just as I please. What more could a woman ask?"

"What more!" echoed Ailee; "why, a husband's love and devotion, leaving all other women, holding you supreme in his heart. Oh, there is a world of bliss in the strong, pure love of a husband!"

"Are you married?"

"No—but I love one who will never divide his love between two or more women. We will marry soon if the 'good saints' don't kill me for daring to do as I please."

"I don't believe you would be as happy as with Mr. Young. He is rich and all-powerful, and can give you all you could wish in the way of fine dresses, jewelry and anything else. Why not become a member of our happy family?"

"Are you willing your husband should wed another woman?'

"Yes, if he wishes to."

"Then you don't love him. Tell your husband your mission has failed. I don't see anything meritorious in becoming his wife."

The woman cast down her eyes and looked confused. She knew not what to say. Just as Ailee was going to propound another question the door opened and another lady entered—tall, stately and grand,—who introduced herself as Mrs. Young.

Ailee nodded her head and smiled.

"Please take a seat," she said, pleasantly; and while the lady was seating herself seven more came in, all gaily dressed, and laughing and talking in the greatest good humor.

"Are all these ladies Mrs. Young?" asked Ailee of the first, Mrs. Lucy. Lucy bowed smilingly in the affirmative.

"Well, take seats, Mrs Young!" and the young girl had to burst out laughing in spite of herself.

"What are you laughing at?" demanded one of the prim, stiff, starchy, middle-aged ladies, bristling up in her chair.

"Excuse me, madam, but I couldn't help thinking what a wonderfully fascinating man Mr. Young must be to have so many good looking ladies tied to him. He really must be a genuine Adonis, or else—"

"Else what?" interrupted starchy.

"You all must have been very hard run for a husband."

"Ah! ah! Hussy! Spiteful minx!" came from the bevy of apostolic concubines in a parrot-like chorus.

"Why, what in the world are you all making such a fuss about?" exclaimed Ailee, with the most childlike innocence imaginable.

"You've insulted us!" cried one of the concubines, bridling up.

"Insulted you! Why, I didn't think that a woman who would take up with a married man could be insulted. I beg your pardon. I wouldn't stoop to insult one so much to be pitied."

"I won't stay to hear such insulting talk!" angrily exclaimed the woman, bouncing up and jerking herself out of the room.

"You pretend to great virtue and respectability, I believe," remarked one of the others, a very quiet, sedate looking woman, of some five and thirty years of age.

"Oh, yes," answered Ailee, "I pretend and practice all of that."

"Then why are you taken prisoner on the public streets at night, dressed in men's clothes?"

"Simply because the fiendish infidels of the Church of Mormon sought my life and that of my mother, because I refused to become the seventh concubine of Elder Ligou, one of the imps of Satan, who pretends to be a saint. I was seeking to escape in disguise. Is the explanation satisfactory?"

"No. You certainly know not what you are doing, Miss Conroy. The wives of the Prophet are honored above all other women in the land, and will be elevated in Heaven through him."

"Elevated fiddlesticks!" sneered Ailee with contempt; "the idea of a murderous impostor like him elevating anybody in Heaven! The only elevation he will ever make will be on the gallows. He will be hung as soon as the army reaches the city, for treason to the government and other crimes, and you women will be driven out as prostitutes."

The cry of horror that went up from the eight wives of Brigham at the bold language of the young heroine told that she had given a home-thrust that would disturb their dreams for many a night to come. They all sprang to their feet in confusion.

"Keep your seats, ladies, I beg of you. A little plain truth need not scare you to death. You may probably never hear the truth plainly spoken again. Let me ask you all a few plain questions."

The noise of the gabbing crowd continued a few minutes, after which they all, but one, seated themselves again.

Ailee continued:

"I suppose you all know this is a Territory belonging to the United States."

"Yes."

"And that we are governed by the laws of the land."

"Yes."

"Which laws expressly prohibit polygamy by making it a penal offence."

"No! no!" chorussed the crowd of deluded listeners.

"I can assure you that such is the fact. The law is, that no man can have but one wife, or a woman one husband; that second marriages, while the first contracting parties live, undivorced, are null and void, and the one committing the act declared guilty of the crime of bigamy, punishable by confinement for a term of years at hard labor. This is the law. The great distance of this city from the States enabled the Elders to carry things with a high hand, defying the authorities. But an army is coming who will see the law enforced; then woe unto those who have violated the law."

The wives of Brigham seemed deeply impressed with what they had heard, and they were in no mood to paint, in glowing colors, at the command of the Prophet, the glory and felicity of being one of his wives. Ailee well knew to what she was indebted for the visit of the women of the harem. The Prophet had sent them in to disabuse her mind on the subject of polygamy. What they heard was far more startling than anything they could say to her, and they left the prisoner's room sadder, if not wiser women.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The fair prisoner remained in reflective solitude the greater part of the day, the women of the harem not daring to renew their visit; and Ailee was not permitted to return their call. The same young woman who brought in breakfast came with a dainty dinner at the proper hour.

"The Prophet certainly feeds well," remarked Ailee, as she vigorously attacked the rich viands. "He deserves credit for that if for nothing else."

"I would not exchange places with any other woman in the world," said the matron, smiling.

"I guess you are one of his pets of whom he has not yet grown tired. The time will come when you will see him taking more

pleasure with another than with you. If you love him your heart will ache, and you will pray to die. I would rather die now, as for my part."

The young matron said nothing, but the pallor of her pretty face told the story of her unuttered fears. Ailee could plainly see the shadow on her face as she left the room with the tray.

"Heigho! I wonder what will come next," sighed the weary prisoner, leaning back in the chair. "I could rest easy and endure anything if I knew mother and Orville were safe. Poor, dear mother! I would die for her and she for me. The boys are safe enough, because the fiends could have no motive to trouble them. But Orville, dear, sweet Orville! whom my soul loveth above all else on earth! what has become of him? He will face death a thousand times to effect my rescue. I dread the dangers which he may now be incurring for my sake. I—but hark! Some one is coming again!"

A key turned in the lock, the door opened and Brigham Young, with a look of sternness on his immobile face, entered and closed it after him. Ailee quietly kept her seat, waiting for him to open the conversation.

"So you persistently refuse to accept life at my hands, Miss Conroy?"

"At the expense of my honor, yes," was the undaunted reply.

"There is no sacrifice of honor in becoming my wife."

"The laws of my country says differently, Mr. Young, under which no man can have two lawful wives. I will be no man's concubine."

"Thou art a perverse, rebellious woman, who knoweth not her mind. I will—"

"Thou art a perverse, rebellious man who will be hung for murder and treason as soon as the army reaches the city," interrupted the impulsive, indignant maiden, rising to her feet.

"I will yet give you another day for reflection, during which time no one will disturb you. If you then still refuse I will interpose my authority to save you and seal you to myself for time and eternity. We are commanded to save all the souls we can, and I cannot permit such a perverse woman as thou art to go to such awful destruction. Think over your unreasonable course and give prayerful consideration to my words."

"It will be the worst sealing you ever did in your life, Mr. Young. I am not the woman that will tamely submit to dis-

honor. You had better not take such a viper as me to your bosom."

"It will be a duty I will perform though my death follows on the heel of it," reiterated the Prophet, turning to leave the room.

"Very well, sir. It is my duty to defend my honor as my life, which you may as well understand as not. I will not flinch when the time comes."

"Do you threaten me?"

"Yes; I do."

The old man, whose iron will has since been fully tested, glared at the little round figure, and asked:

"What would you do?"

"Kill you if I can!"

"Would you shed human blood?"

"I have very serious doubts about the humanity of a Mormon. I almost doubt you have a soul."

"You certainly have impudence enough for a dozen evil spirits. I think a slight castigation will be beneficial to you in your present frame of mind. You must understand that my will is law unto you as well as others," and slamming the door with a severe force he went out.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Ailee; "the old sinner is getting angry and talks like a country schoolmaster. I wonder if he means to whip me himself? I would prefer him to undertake the job. But hark! some one else is coming. Ah!"

This exclamation was caused by her seeing two burly, ruffianly-looking men enter the room, with a bunch of cord in their hands. They made no remarks, but locking the door, quickly advanced towards her. She divined their intention, seized a chair and aimed it at the head of the one nearest her. He caught it with one hand, and grasped her by the collar with the other. Quick as a flash of lightning she turned and buried her teeth in his arm.

"Curse you!" hissed the man, dealing her a powerful blow on the side of the head; "take that for your bite!"

She staggered back, half stunned from the blow. They then seized her in their powerful grasp, tied her hands together, put a gag in her mouth, and then proceeded to strip off her clothing. This caused her a new fright, and she struggled with superhuman strength, using her feet with astonishing dexterity and force. But it was of no avail. She was held and her outer

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clothing taken from her. The ruffians never uttered a word, but performed their fiendish task in dogged silence. They then tied her to the bed-post, and proceeded to administer a terrible castigation on her person with a rawhide switch. The blood flowed freely, yet she uttered not a groan. A glitter in those large, lustrous blue eyes told of the burning soul that vowed a terrible vengeance for the dastardly outrage.

When they had finished, the ruffians merely cut the cords that bound her hands, and left the room. She quietly proceeded to dress herself and await the return of the Prophet. Her soul was on fire. The insult as well as the terrible suffering from the castigation, combined to make her desperate beyond expression. She bathed her burning face long and patiently, in the basin of water on the wash-stand, in the vain hope of cooling her head. But she seemed to be consuming by fire, so greatly did her indignant soul revolt at the insult that had been heaped upon her. In the storm that swept over heart and soul there was no cessation—no rest or quiet. She paced the room like a caged tigress, lashing herself into a wild fury that would soon burst forth Hours passed, and darkness set in. She had no light; but what cared she for light? The burning wrath that consumed her was light enough. Her supper came, brought by the same sweet-faced matron as before. She set the tray and light on the little table.

"Take it away," said Ailee, calmly, waving her hand. "I want no supper to-night."

The woman looked surprised.

"You look feverish," remarked the young matron. "Can I do anything for you? We have a good supply of medicines in the house?"

"No. Tell Mr. Young to call before he retires for the night, if you please."

The woman bowed, took up the tray and left the room, carefully locking the door after her. Ailee continued to pace the room till hours rolled away. Suddenly she halted and listened. Footsteps were heard in the corridor.

"Ah! he comes, and to his death!"

The door opened and Brigham Young, the Prophet and head of the Church of Mormon, entered the room with a lighted candle in his hand. Setting the light on the table he turned his eyes on the fair prisoner. She was glaring at him with the fierce, staring eyes of a panther. Neither uttered a word, but the

silence was broken by a swift, quick bound of the prisoner, who sprang upon him with the agility of a squirrel. The Prophet was utterly astounded, and staggered back against the wall.

"Hold, you devil!' he roared, as her nails stripped his face from forehead to chin, and his hair flew loosely about the room. "Hold off, or I'll have you—murder!"

There was a sound of rushing feet along the corridor. But the enraged maiden fought with alarming desperation. The head of the church was soon bald-headed, and his face was covered with blood. Had she been possessed of a weapon of any kind his days would have been numbered then and there. In his struggles to protect his face and head he stumbled and fell to the floor. She seized his shoulder with her teeth and bit out a piece of flesh, which caused him to roar again and hurl curses at the fierce maiden in the most profane manner. In her wild fierce determination to destroy him she saw not the half dozeu men that burst into the room. One of them seized her around the waist and tore her away from the Prophet, pressing her to his heart and covering her face with burning kisses.

"Ailee! Ailee! Darling!" he cried, and turning her face she found herself in the arms of Orville Hendrix, her faithful lover.

CHAPTER XXV.

The reader will remember we left Orville Hendrix giving the death blow to the Danite whom he fought in single combat by the light of the burning dwelling of James Lyon, on Deseret street. Coolly wiping his dripping bowie on the clothes of the dead murderer, he turned to his companions:

"We may as well return to the hotel, as Young will not permit her to pass from under his control. I know him too well. Ailee is safe. But the hotel may be attacked."

The party returned to the hotel and reported to Mrs. Conroy the fate of her daughter. The mother paled for a moment and then burst into an uncontrollable fit of weeping—the first tears she had shed during the troubles of the week.

"My dear mother," said Hendrix, tenderly, "do not take it so much to heart. She is safe from the Elders, under the roof of the Prophet, and as he says she shall be his wife he will take good care that no harm befalls her. We will rescue her as soon as we are satisfied the rest of you are no longer in danger."

The heart-broken mother continued to weep bitter tears of

anguish. Betrayed and deserted by him to whom she pledged her love at the altar twenty-five years before, her home robbed of its life and light in the person of Ailee, now a prisoner in the harem of Brigham Young, it is no wonder she wept bitter, scalding tears. The tenderness of her prospective son-in-law touched her heart. Words of kindness amid the dark clouds of misfortune that had cast their dismal shadows across her path were bright gleamings of light to her.

The little party remained unmolested at the hotel, and the next day seemed to be one of quiet repose. But an awful undercurrent of vengeance was surging and boiling in the breasts of the anti Mormon population of the city. They were helpless now, but the day of reckoning was near at hand. The Mormons, satisfied with having captured the rebellious maiden, scattered the family and burned the residence of the most prominent unbeliever in the city, rested upon their laurels, daring their enemies to make another demonstration.

But Orville Hendrix was not the man to rest at ease while his beloved pined inside of prison walls. When night closed in again he assembled five or six stout-hearted friends, who were ready to risk all for the beautiful Ailee, and proceeded towards the residence of the Prophet. Rushing into the house they seized one of the servants and demanded to be led into the presence of Young. The faithful wretch refused, and lost his life. The other servants, fearing a like fate, hastily led the party along the corridor to the door of the room in which Ailee Conroy was pounding the head of the Church of Mormon at that moment. They rushed in just in time to save the eyes of the old bigamist.

Seeing herself safe in her lover's arms, Ailee fainted away, and was borne to the bed by Hendrix and a glass of water was dashed in her face. The others took the Prophet prisoner, and were about to dispatch him, when Hendrix interposed.

"Leave him to me, friends," he cried, still remaining by the side of his beloved. The party ceased their demonstrations, and waited for the restoration to consciousness of the young maiden. We will not describe the scene that ensued when she opened her eyes and pressed her gallant lover to her heart. There was not a dry eye among those staunch, hardy sons of liberty, as they gazed upon the young couple.

"Mr. Young," cried Hendrix, fiercely, drawing his terrible

bowie knife and advancing on the old scoundrel, "what will you give for your life?"

"Anything you may ask, sir. I am in your power," replied he, wiping the streams of blood from his face.

"Very well, sir. Now listen to me. The army will be here in two weeks. Between now and then if another man, woman or child in this city or territory is molested for any cause whatever by the authority of the Elders, or the Church of Mormon, or yourself, we swear to take your life. Do you swear it, my comrades?"

"We swear it in the presence of God and each other," responded the others, drawing their bright bladed bowies and holding them aloft.

"Now do you promise to stop this murderous persecution of those who do not bend the knee to your Church authority?"

"Yes, I do."

"Then go, and see that you do. Remember our oath."

The old sinner was turned loose, and immediately left the room, followed by Ailee leaning on her lover's arm. Another short hour and Ailee was clasped to her mother's heart.

True to his promise, Young dispatched runners throughout the city, stopping the Danites from any further depredation on pain of death. The next day the city was as quiet as though nothing of a serious nature had occurred to disturb its usual serenity.

Two weeks later the army of three thousand United States troops under Johnson entered and quietly took possession of the city. It was then the United States Attorney, Orville Hendrix, Esquire, showed the stuff he was made of. Through his instrumentality scores of Danites were arrested, tried for murder, arson, and other crimes, convicted and punished. A dozen or more were hung, a fact that spread terror throughout the whole Mormon population of the Territory, who were thus taught to respect the law of the land.

As soon as quiet and good order were restored, the nuptials of the brilliant young attorney and Miss Ailee Conroy were announced to take place at the United States Hotel, at 8 P. M., Wednesday, August 28, 185—. The wedding was a brilliant affair. Music by the military bands, and the glittering uniforms of the army officers, combined to render the occasion one long to be remembered by the deluded Mormons. The ceremony was performed by the army chaplain, and "all went merry as a marriage bell."

Ailee was happy in the love of her noble husband, and never had cause to regret her terrible struggles to prevent herself falling to the lot of another man.

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Years after the events related in this story, an old, travel-worn stranger stopped at a neat little country cottage in one of the lovely little villages of New England, and asked the privilege of resting his weary limbs. A kind hearted matron came out and invited him in. The snowy hair and beard of the stranger excited the reverence of the inmates of the cottage, and they hastened to bring him refreshments. Tears came into the old man's eyes as he gazed upon the scene, and in a faltering voice he cried:

"Abigail! Abigail!" and sank to the floor in a swoon.

It was the long-lost husband of her youth, and Abigail Conroy thanked God in her heart for giving him back to her aching heart.

THE END.